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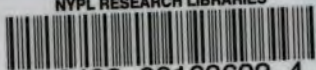
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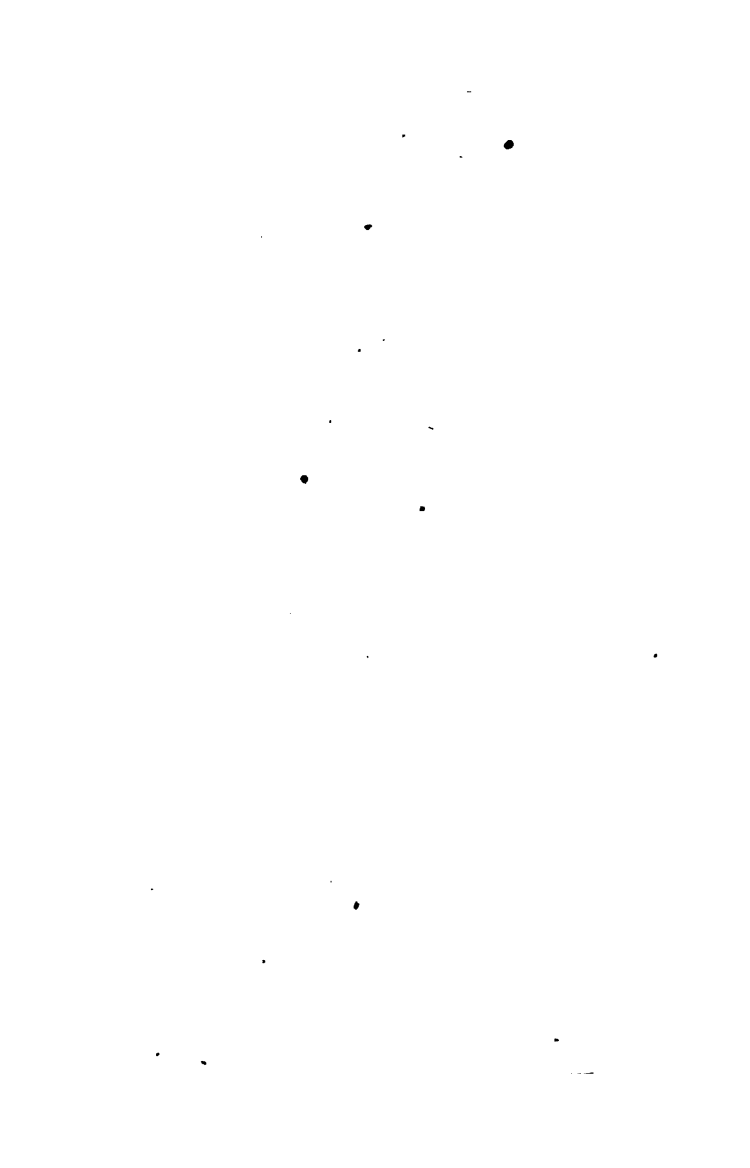
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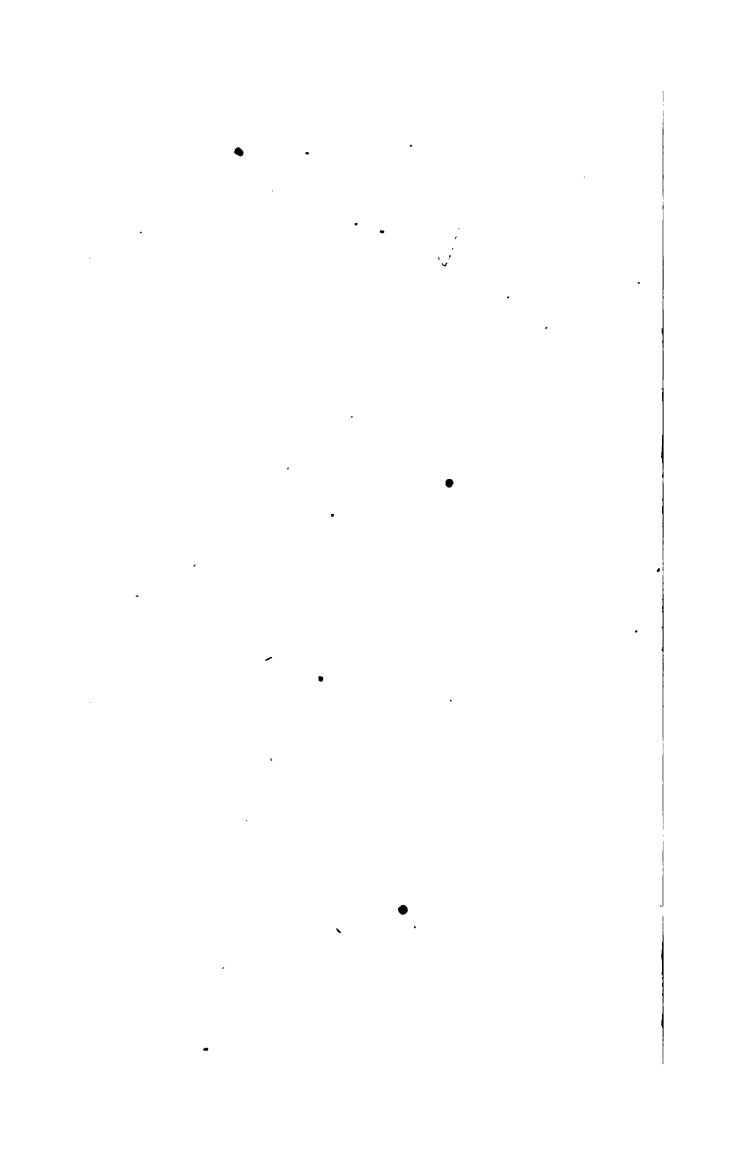


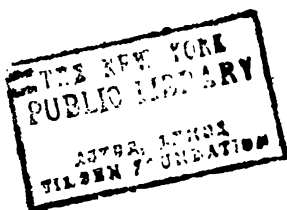














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THE
YOUNG MAN'S GIFT
OF

Literature, Science, and Morality.

EDITED BY

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COTESWORTH PINCKNEY.

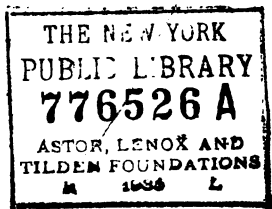
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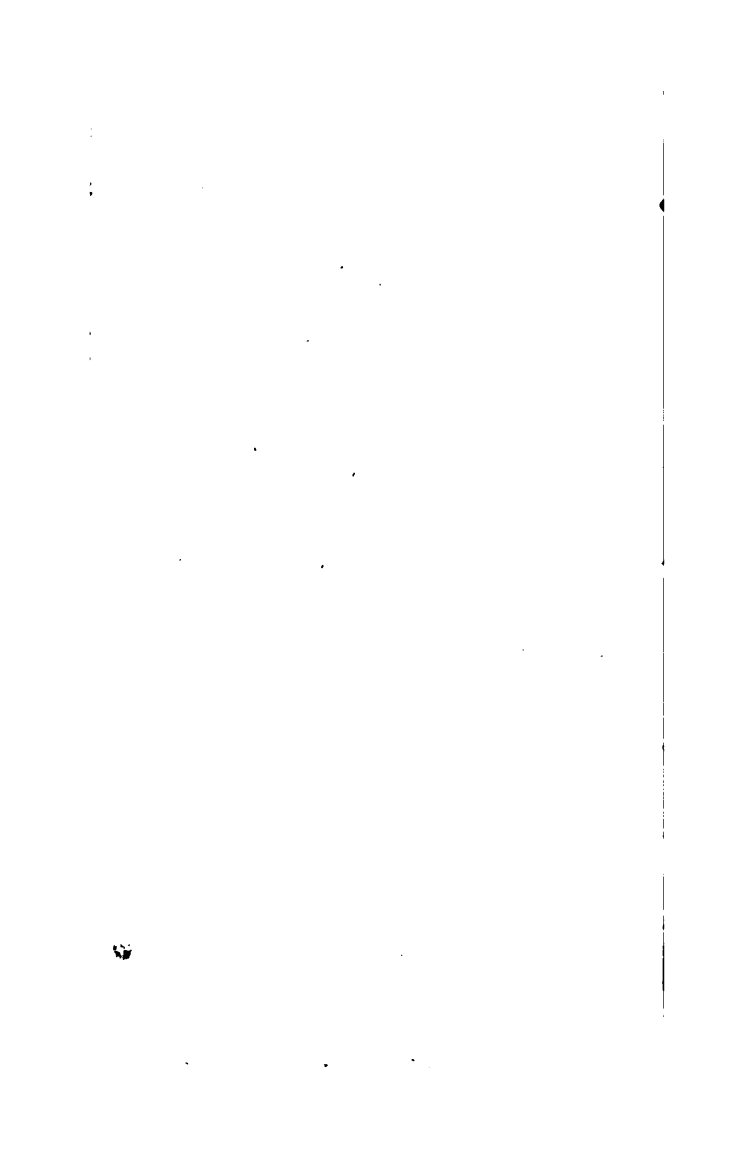
YOUNG MEN ! — the hope and flower of every nation ! What reflecting mind is not filled with the deepest interest in every movement calculated to affect their character. Rightly trained, and imbued with a just sense of their vast responsibilities and capabilities what may we not hope from them. It is to them we must look for the perpetuity of our cherished institutions. The interests of Literature, of Science, and of Religion, the peculiar glory of New England, can only be carried forward and sustained by the virtuous Young Men of our country. Let the time be far distant, when some aspiring demagogue, as in ancient Rome, will

seek to overthrow *our* liberties, by corrupting the moral sense of our young men. Nay, let every young man himself reflect that the period now passing over him is of immense, of inconceivable importance. In entering upon the busy scenes of life, let him do it with a high and manly purpose—remembering that every step he takes is decisive; every action he performs is critical; every idea he forms is likely to become a principle, influencing his future destiny. They who are just launched upon the broad ocean of life, with the gale of hope swelling their sails, should look well to their pilot, their chart, and to the great way-marks of a prosperous voyage; lest their beautiful bark be shattered and wrecked by the storms and tempests of human passions. Be upright, be honorable, be truthful, cultivate the heart and the intellect and an

approving conscience shall ever be your reward.

It is hoped that in this little volume some additional incentives to higher attainments in science, in literature, in sound practical knowledge, and in pure morality, may be gathered by every young man who reads its pages. The Tale, commencing on the 107th page, was written by a young man engaged in the active, laborious pursuits of life, and is a good illustration of what may be done by the cultivation of the intellect under difficulties.

C. P.



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THE YOUNG MAN'S GIFT.

DURABILITY OF THE BIBLE.

Let not any thing, however plausible, be substituted for the Bible ; let nothing supersede it. The history of an ancient Church teaches a lesson never to be forgotten. The Jews had a written word, founded on stupendous miracles ; but they turned aside from the fountain of living waters, and had recourse to the broken cisterns of human tradition. The result of it was, that when Barabbas came, they said, Let him go free : when the Lord of Glory came to his own, they cried, Away with him ; crucify him. And the final issue of this preference of tradition to the word of God was, that the Romans quickly gathered around the

foredoomed Jerusalem ; the Roman eagle spread his wings, where the cherubim had been ; the firebrands of the soldiery were placed amidst the carved work of the temple ; the altar was overturned ; the glory departed. And Josephus, the chronicler of the departed glory, warns us, as he records the Ichabod that rests on it, that it is an evil and a bitter thing to make void the word of God by the traditions and commandments of men. It is only when men lose sight of this book, that they take up other things. It is when we turn our backs upon the Sun of Righteousness, that we begin to light up the twinkling taper of earthly tradition. It is when we have lost our way to the fountain-fullness that is in Scripture, that our vitiated taste is pleased with the dribblings of an earthly and polluted stream. The blessed book ! we know that it shall never perish. Those stars may be expunged from the firmament, but the Word of God abideth for ever. It shall be embraced by all lands ; it shall be possessed

by every people ; it shall be the glory of all time, the comfort of all hearts, and the ornament of all the habitations of the children of men. It shall be translated into every speech : earth's thousand tongues shall repeat its melodies, from the pine-covered forests of the north to the palm-groves of the east. Its music shall mingle with the hum of great capitals, and blend with the breezes of the desert scene. Then it shall be seen, that what man calls great has its end ; what God pronounces true endures for ever and ever.

PHYSICAL VIEW OF THE UNITED STATES.

THROUGH God's favor we have a pleasant land, of whose extent and capabilities no mind but faintly conceives. Exclusive of the late acquisitions from Mexico, the area of the United States admits of division into three hundred and seventy-six States as

large as Massachusetts ; and, including the territories ceded by Mexico, the number of such States rises to four hundred and forty-eight. Three millions two hundred and fifty thousand square miles form a broader field than twenty-six kingdoms like Great Britain would cover, and is exceeded only in five hundred thousand square miles by all Europe — embracing three empires, sixteen kingdoms, and more than forty other independent States. And it has been said, less accurately, perhaps, than elegantly, that “ plains here open to our view as boundless as the ocean ; mountains that look down upon the clouds ; slopes that cover thousands of miles in extent, and rivers co-extensive. Nature paints on her largest scale ; all her figures are colossal ; all her features bold and strongly marked.” If perchance, loftier mountains, broader streams, or more extensive plains be found elsewhere, there are yet none richer in their productions, more accommodating to the demands of commercial enterprise, nor

more abundant in their returns to the hand of industry. Its mineral, vegetable, and animal resources, are proved exhaustless, by the developments of advancing years. Its ten thousand miles of continuous coal field, its iron mountains, and newly discovered mines of lead and copper, of silver and gold ; its numberless lakes and rivers ; its verdant hill tops, fruitful valleys, and beautiful prairies rolling like the sea, baffle description, while they indicate the purpose of high heaven to make it forever the glory of all lands. That ancient land whose "brooks of water, fountains and depths springing out of valleys and hills," are celebrated in inspired song—"a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates ; a land of oil, olive, and honey—whose stones were iron, and out of whose hills brass was dug,"—was rich indeed, salubrious, and blessed of Heaven ; but our own country is richer still, as healthful too, sharing more largely in all that ministers to human welfare.

ELIHU BURRITT.

ELIHU BURRITT was born in New Britain, Connecticut, on the 8th day of December, 1811. His father bore the same name, and was an honest, industrious, benevolent shoemaker, who reared a family of five sons and five daughters by labor. Of his sons Elihu is the youngest. The parents of this illustrious man were both dead when he was a little over sixteen; and having been constrained by love and duty to toil for them, and forego the privileges of education, he had at that period received only one quarter's schooling at the district school. This short term had been sufficient, however, to enable him to acquire the power of reading, and he devoured all the books that came in his way with that avidity which an inordinate appetite could alone stimulate.

When he was twenty-one, his brother Elijah, with whom he lived, and who was a teacher, prevailed upon him to study math-

ematics, and Latin and French. He complied, having no higher object in his studies than that of qualifying himself for a land-surveyor, and being able to read a few works in their original tongue ; but his winter's studies were the prelude to one of the most gigantic courses of mental labor and acquirement that the mind of man ever triumphed over. Alternately laboring with his hand and head, he earned his daily bread by the sweat of his intellectual brow, and gradually became probably the first linguist in the world.

Elihu Burritt possesses all the pre-requisites of a cosmopolitan apostle of peace ; he is master of fifty languages, and his sympathies for the good and true are as extensive as the world wide.

Says an English writer, " When we grasped this remarkable man by the hand that had gained him bread and the power to independently pursue his herculean studies, and looked upon his face which was lighted up with the vast intelligence that

slumbers in fifty tongues, we thought that we had never been so powerfully struck with a sense of man's duality, of the dignity of labor, and of the modesty of superlative mind; we rejoiced in contemplating Elihu Burritt as a protest in favor of his class. He was an illustration of the capacity of the people—a grand illustration, we confess—and of the compatibility of willing, joyous toil with high and vast attainments. Elihu Burritt is a working-man in his very essence—he could not be an idler or he would die. He must either work with the head or hand—he must labor or become a nonentity. He looks upon labor as a principle deriveable immediately from the Creator, and analogous to Him; it is from Him and of Him when, like the artisan's and Christian philanthropist's, it is constructive, and consequently he considers his estate, as a toiling, producing man, the most dignified on earth."

THE PARTY MAN.

He has associated his ambition, his interests, and his affections, with a party. He prefers, doubtless, that his side should be victorious by the best means, and under the championship of good men ; but rather than lose the victory, he will consent to *any* means, and follow *any* man. Thus, with a general desire to be upright, the exigency of his party pushes constantly to dishonorable deeds. He opposes fraud by craft ; lie by lie ; slander by counter-aspersion. To be sure it is wrong to mistake, to distort, to suppress, or color facts ; it is wrong to employ the evil passions ; to set class against class ; the poor against the rich, the country against the city, the farmer against the mechanic, one section against another section. But his opponents do it, and if they will take advantage of men's corruption, he must, or lose by his virtue. He gradually adopts two char-

acters, a personal and a political character. All the requisitions of his conscience he obeys in his private character ; all the requisitions of his party, he obeys in his political conduct. In one character he is a man of principle ; in the other, a man of mere expedients. As a *man*, he means to be veracious, honest, moral ; as a *politician*, he is deceitful, cunning, unscrupulous, — *anything* for a party. As a man, he abhors the slimy demagogue ; as a politician, he employs him as a scavenger. As a man, he shrinks from the flagitiousness of slander ; as a politician, he permits it, smiles upon it in others, rejoices in the success gained by it. As a man, he respects no one who is rotten in heart ; as a politician, no man through whom victory may be gained can be too bad. As a citizen, he is an apostle of temperance ; as a politician, he puts his shoulder under the men who deluge their track with whiskey, marching a crew of brawling patriots pugnaciously drunk, to exercise the freeman's

noblest franchise — the VOTE. As a citizen, he is considerate of the young, and counsels them with admirable wisdom ; then, as a politician, he votes for tools, supporting for the magistracy worshipful aspirants scraped from the ditch, the grogshop, and the brothel ; thus saying by deeds which the young are quick to understand : “ I jested when I warned you of bad company ; for you perceive none worse than those whom I delight to honor.” For his religion he will give up all his secular interests ; but for his politics he gives up even his religion. He adores virtue, and rewards vice. Whilst bolstering up unrighteous measures, and more unrighteous men, he prays for the advancement of religion, and justice, and honor. I would to God that his prayer might be answered upon his own political head ; for never was there a place where such blessings were more needed ! I am puzzled to know what will happen at death to this public Christian, but most unchristian politician.

EARLY MARRIAGES.

THE children of very young parents are generally deficient in strength of body and mind, and commonly die young. Franklin was the fifteenth child of his father, and the eighth of his mother ; and more still, he was the youngest child for *five successive generations* on the mother's side, from whom more than his father, he inherited his eminent talents. Pitt, Fox, and Burke, were each the youngest child of their respective families. Daniel Webster is the youngest by a second marriage ; so was also Lord Bacon, whose father was fifty, and his mother thirty-two years of age at his birth. Judge Story's mother was forty-four years of age at his birth. Benjamin West was the *tenth* child of his parents ;—and Dr. Doddridge was the *twentieth* child by one father and mother. It is a proverb that “the youngest children are the smartest.”—And why ? evidently

because the parents are mature in mind and body, and consequently transmit a high order of mentality to their offspring. Does the intelligent farmer expect a healthy and luxuriant crop when he seeds with dwarfish green corn or unripe potatoes? And why not bring in requisition as much science and common sense to propagate the "human form divine," as "potatoes and cabbage?" — Grant that early marriages would obviate much of the vice and wickedness which is now almost unavoidable, is not the remedy worse than the disease if it be the means of bringing into existence a race of puny, ill-formed children, a majority of whom die before they arrive at maturity? But the evil does not end here. Those who live and transmit their mushroom constitution to their offspring, and thus most effectually are the "iniquities of the fathers visited upon their children."

IDLENESS.

Hard work for those who are not used to it, and dull work for those who are. Idleness is a moral leprosy, which soon eats its way into the heart and corrodes our happiness, while it undermines our health. Nothing is so hard to do, as to do nothing. The hypochondriacal Countess, who "envies every cinder-wench she sees," is much more to be pitied than the toiling drudge, who "sighs for luxury and ease."

Idleness is costly without being a luxury. Montagne always wound up the year's account of his expenses with the following entry: "Item — for my abominable habit of idleness, a thousand livres."

Idlers may deserve our compassion, but few things are more displaced than the contempt lavished upon them as useless members of society; sometimes such scorn is only masked envy; where it is real it is wrong. All rich idlers may be termed the

representatives of former industry and habit; they must either have achieved independence by their own exertions or by those of their ancestors, for almost all wealth can be traced back to labor, or genius, or merit, of some sort. And why do the revilers of the idle, labor and toil with such perseverance? that they may imitate those whom they abuse, by acquiring an independence and becoming themselves idle. The sight of luxurious ease is the best stimulus to exertion. To suppose that the pleasure of overtaking is greater than that of pursuing the game, may be a mistake, but it is a beneficial one, and keeps society from stagnation. Rich idlers are the advancers of civilization, the best encouragers of industry — the surest patrons of literature and the arts. Nor is there anything invidious in their good fortune, for every one may aspire to rival or surpass it, which is not the case with hereditary distinctions.

We toil for leisure only to discover, when

we have succeeded in our object, that leisure is a great toil. How quickly would the working classes be reconciled to what they term the curse of compulsory occupation, if they were doomed only for a short time to the greater curse of compulsory idleness! Quickly would they find, that it is much better to wear out than to rust out.

HOME.

How sweet are the endearments of home; how many loved associations' cluster around it. There a father's guiding, sustaining influence is felt; there, too, a mother's watchful love, tenderly watching over the helpless hours of infancy, guiding her youthful minds by her counsel and example, sympathizing in all the joys and sorrows of her little household. There, too, a circle of brothers and sisters, sharing each other's pleasures, happy in each

other's love. With home, are associated our fondest recollections, our earliest recollections, our earliest remembrances. To that spot the heart fondly turns — there its warmest affections centre. The weary traveller turns towards it with longing eyes; other places may be more beautiful, other spots may be surrounded with wealth and affluence, while poverty and sorrow may be inmates of his lonely dwelling, yet still it is dear to him. The stranger, in foreign climes, pines for home; accents of love and kindness may fall upon his ear, but it is not a mother's or a sister's gentle voice. Man, driven on by restless passions, may roam through the world in search of pleasure, lured on by ambitious hopes of fame and honor; he may engage in science or political strife, or he may lead his fellow-men to the battle-field, there to do the work of death, to make widows and orphans, to spread ruin and devastation on every side, and all to gratify his thirsting ambition. Or he may climb the heights of

science, to enrol his name in the annals of genius ; but it is to the quietude of home that he looks for peace and true happiness. O, when friends are cold and unkind, when the world withdraws its sympathies, it is then we turn to home, to seek in the bosom of those who are dearest to us, that sympathy and affection which the heart fondly craves. Although home is thus lovely and attractive, yet it is no earthly paradise, unless each member, as he crosses the threshold, leaves behind him his own selfish inclinations. It can be made happy, but it will require sacrifice and self-denial on the part of its members, to make it so.

A GOOD SON.

THE good and dutiful son is one who honors his parents by paying unto them the utmost deference and respect ; by a reverential awe, and veneration, and respect ; a filial affection for their persons, and a tender regard for their safety and preserva-

tion ; a constant and cheerful attendance to their advice, and a ready and implicit obedience to their commands. As he becomes more sensible of his obligations to them, he grows every day more willing and more solicitous to pay them. He employs his youth to support their age ; his abundance to relieve their wants ; his knowledge and strength to support their infirmities and decay. He is more careful of his character and reputation in the world, because their's depends upon it. Ever anxious for their welfare, and attentive to their happiness, he endeavors, by every method in his power, to prolong their days, that his own may be long in the land. He rests assured, that God will not only bless obedient children here, but will reward them with him forever ; where we shall join, son and father, daughter and mother, wife and husband, servant and master ; all the relations and connections of this life, to honor one great Parent, Protector, Lord and Master of all.

DOGMATISM.

MAINTAIN a constant watch at all times against a dogmatic spirit; fix not your assent to any proposition in a firm and unalterable manner, till you have some firm and unalterable ground for it, and till you have arrived at some clear and sure evidence; till you have turned the proposition on all sides, and searched the matter through and through, so that you cannot be mistaken. And even where you think you have full grounds for assurance, be not too early nor too frequent in expressing this assurance in too peremptory and positive a manner, remembering that human nature is always liable to mistake in this corrupt and feeble state.

ALBERT GALLATIN.

THIS name is familiar to all those who have studied the history of this country.

It may be said that his history began with that of our country. The halls of Congress rang with his eloquence. At one time he saved the country from bankruptcy ; was a commissioner at Ghent, an ambassador to the court of England, and France, and Secretary of the Treasury. In 1849, he was called to his final resting place, being the last survivor of the cabinet of Jefferson and Madison. Mr. Gallatin was born at Geneva, January, 1761. His father died when he was only four years of age, and he came to America at the age of nineteen. His career was commenced in the service of his adopted country, in Maine, then a part of Massachusetts. He had the command, in 1780, of a small fort in Passamaquoddy Bay, which was garrisoned by volunteers and Indians. He afterwards officiated at Harvard College as Professor of the French language. Having received his patrimony from Europe, he proceeded, in 1784, to Virginia, and there became the purchaser of lands. In 1786, he estab-

lished himself in Pennsylvania ; soon after which he was elected a member of the convention of that State to amend the constitution, and subsequently a member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, where his financial abilities were exhibited, which afterwards rendered him so eminent in the administration of the national treasury. He was elected a Senator of the United States in 1793, where his eligibility was assailed on the ground, that though an American anterior to the adoption of the Constitution, nine years had not elapsed since his formal naturalization in Virginia, and his seat was vacated by a strictly party vote. Immediately on the decision of the Senate being promulgated, and without his knowledge, Mr. Gallatin was elected a member of the House of Representatives, and, while there, was distinguished as an able, honest legislator. In 1801, Mr. Jefferson called him to a seat in his cabinet. In 1813, he was at St. Petersburg as one of the envoys extraordinary, to negotiate

with Great Britain, under the mediation of Russia ; and at Ghent, with John Quincy Adams and Jonathan Russell, together with Henry Clay and James A. Bayard, where they signed the Treaty of Peace.

Geography was a favorite study with Mr. Gallatin ; no one surpassed him in this department of science. Soon after his arrival in Boston (1781,) he went to the roof of the house at which he put up, to see the features of the country around, and discovered the blue hills of Milton, the highest land in sight, and the next day set out on foot with a companion, and reached their summit ; there he discovered, in a north-westerly direction, other high lands, which he determined to visit ; and on the following day set out on foot with his companion in search of them. They proved to be in the town of Princeton, Worcester County. He ascended the highest point and surveyed the country around as heretofore. The tavern at which he stopped was kept by a man who had that curiosity

which is manifested by some landlords at the present day, to know the whole history of their guests. Observing Mr. Gallatin's French accent, he said: "Just from France, eh! You are a Frenchman I suppose." "No!" said Mr. G., "I am not from France." "You can't be from England, I am sure?" "No!" was the reply. "From Spain?" "No!" "From Germany?" "No!" "Well, where on earth are you from, then, or what are you?" eagerly asked the inquisitive landlord. "I am a Swiss," replied Mr. Gallatin. "Swiss, Swiss, Swiss!" exclaimed the landlord with wonder; "which of the ten tribes are the Swiss?"

While in Virginia, Mr. Gallatin was for a time engaged in surveying, and first met General Washington at the office of a land agent, where, with others, they were met in reference to the location of a road. General Washington took his seat at a pine table and wrote down the particulars stated by those assembled. Mr. Gallatin was in

the crowd, and feeling uneasy at the indecision of the General, when the point was so plain to him, suddenly interrupted the General by saying: "Oh, it is plain enough such a place (a spot just mentioned) is the most practicable." The good people stared at the young surveyor (for he was only known as such) with surprise at his boldness in thrusting an opinion upon the General, unasked. This interruption put a sudden stop to General Washington's enquiries. He laid down his pen, raised his eyes from his paper, and sternly looked at Mr. Gallatin, without saying a word. Resuming his former attitude, he made a few further enquiries, when, suddenly stopping, he threw down his pen, and, turning to Mr. Gallatin, said, "You are right, sir." After the separation of the party, General Washington inquired who the young man was that interrupted him; made his acquaintance, learnt his history, and urged Mr. Gallatin to become his land agent, which was

declined. Few men have done more for their country. In reference to his declining years, Mr. Gallatin said: "*The true rule is never to suffer your faculties to get rusty, and never to overtask them.*"

WILLIAM WIRT TO HIS DAUGHTER.

"I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others, is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, "who cared for nobody — no, not he,—because nobody cared for him." And the whole world will serve you so, if you give them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them, what Sterne so happily calls, "the small sweet courtesies of life," — those courtesies in which there is no parade; whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention,—

giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting or standing. This is the spirit that gives to your time of life, and to your sex, its sweetest charm. It constitutes the sum total of all the witchcraft of woman. Let the world see that your first care is for yourself, and you will spread the solitude of the Upas tree around you, in the same way, by the emanation of a poison which kills all the juices of affection in its neighborhood. Such a girl may be admired for her understanding and accomplishments, but she will never be beloved.

The seeds of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kind feelings and affectionate manners. Vivacity goes a great way in young persons. It calls attention to her who displays it; and, if it then be found associated with a generous sensibility, its execution is irresistible.

On the contrary, if it be found in alliance with a cold, haughty, selfish heart, it produces no further effect, except an adverse

one. Attend to this my daughter. It flows from a heart that feels for you all the anxiety a parent can feel, and not without the hope which constitutes the parents highest happiness. May God protect and bless you.

Your affectionate father,

WM. WIRT.

BEAUTY.

“Beauty hideth everywhere, that Reason’s child may seek her;—various in all things, setting up her home in each,—shedding graciously around an omnipresent smile.” Now dear reader, we trust that you are a lover of Nature, desirous of being more familiar with the products of the soil, and the wonderful formation of those plants which daily meet the eye; if so, why not devote a little time for your own and other’s amusement, as did Charles Curious, who discourses somewhat as follows.

“The leaf of the common garden rhubarb, is a fine display of the order of vegetable nature. It is common to find them about two feet square. I found that on the surface of a single leaf, could be traced more than two miles of distinct canals, through which the nourishment passed, to give life to the leaf. These canals being about the sixteenth of an inch apart, divided the leaf into 130,000 fields, each as distinct to the eye as the division walls of the well cultivated farm. There are lateral fibres more minute than the unaided eye can discover, passing in close contiguity through these small fields, and could all the canals for circulation in a single leaf be extended in one line, they would probably reach the distance of ten miles.”

KEEP YOUR TEMPER.

Few men in public or private life escape the tongue of scandal. There is a propen-

sity in human nature to cover its own defects by prating of the misdeeds of others. And it is not easy for the Christian even, always to hold his peace when idle tongues are dealing with his fair name. If wise, however, he will do so, and let a lie die a natural death, instead of galvanizing it into life by the battery of passion.

There is much good sense and sound philosophy in the following extract from the private note of a valued correspondent: — “I like,” he writes, “the story of the blacksmith who was requested to bring a suit for slander. He said he could go into his shop and hammer out a better character in six months, than all the courts in Christendom could give him. I lately saw a piece which did me great and outrageous wrong. So I sat down and wrote six practical pieces for the press, and let the thing pass. I found this the best way of keeping my temper. I think it more likely to give me a fair name with good people, than those everlasting defences.

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

Mr. James Lewis Smithson, a natural son of the Duke of Northumberland, and a gentleman of some repute as a scientific chemist, died in 1830. He was noted for his skill in analyzing minute quantities; and it was he who caught a tear as it fell from a lady's cheek, and detected the salts and other substances which held it in solution. Mr. Smithson was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and intended to bequeath his large wealth to that body at his death; but taking offence at some real or fancied slight towards him on their part, he altered his will, and left his property to the government of the United States of America, "to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

It appears that the amount of the bequest, 515,169 dollars (above £100,000,)

was paid into the United States Treasury in 1838. Some years were suffered to elapse before the preliminary arrangements were determined on; at length, in 1846, the fund, then nearly 765,000 dollars, was placed under the control of the "Board of Regents" chosen to conduct the Institution. The Board consists of the Vice President of the United States, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and the Mayor of Washington, together with twelve other members, three of whom are appointed by the Senate from its own body, three by the House of Representatives from its members, and six citizens appointed by a joint resolution of both houses.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

Thousands of men breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world; and none

were blest by them ; none could point to them as the instruments of their redemption ; not a line that they wrote, not a word that they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal ! Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name—your deeds—will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.

REDEEMING TIME.

DEAN SWIFT, when he claimed at the usual time the degree of A. B., was so

deficient as to obtain it only by *special favor*, a term used to denote a want of merit. Of this disgrace he was so ashamed that he resolved to study eight hours a day, and continued his industry for seven years, with what improvement is sufficiently known. This part of his history deserves to be remembered; it may afford useful admonition to young men, whose abilities have been made for a time useless by their passion for pleasure, and who, having lost one part of life in idleness, are tempted to throw away the remainder in despair.

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

EVERY nation has stamped a great value on the family compact, and guarded it with the most powerful sanctions. It is by the fireside, and upon the family hearth, that patriotism, and every public virtue grows; as it is in disordered families that factious demagogues, and tyrannical oppressors are

trained up to be their neighbor's scourge. It is there that the thorn and the brier, to use the similitude of the prophet, or the myrtle and the fir tree are reared, which are in future time to be the ornament and defence, or the deformity and misery of the land.

BE WIDE AWAKE,

ABOUT any honest employment Providence throws in your way. Keep at it—heartily and earnestly at it. Don't slack up and be languid. Hold on. We will give you a dish of capital reasons and a variety of them.

1. That is the way to be happy. "I have lived," said Dr. Adam Clarke, "long enough to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of "too many irons in the fire," conveys an untruth. You cannot have too many—

poker, tongs and all—keep them all going.”

2. That is the way to accomplish a vast deal in a short life. The late Wm. Hazlitt remarked, “There is room enough in human life to crowd almost every art and science into it. The more we do, the more we can do ; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have.”

3. That is the way to be contented. The unemployed are always restless and uneasy. Occupation quiets the mind by giving it something to do. Idleness makes it, like an empty stomach, uneasy. The mate of a ship, having put everything to rights, called on the captain for what next should be done. “Tell them to *scour* the anchor,” was the reply, on the principle that occupation, however needless, saves from the discontent of idleness.

4. That is the way to keep out of bad company. He will *rove* who has not rest for his mind in some occupation. And roving, he will fall in with other rovers.

They are birds of a feather. And, as gathered burning brands augment the flame and heat, so do gathered rovers and loafers and idlers augment the taste and activity of each other's minds for evil doing.

That is the way to disappoint Satan. He comes up to the idler with assurance of a meal; from the well occupied he departs as a roaring lion robbed of his prey. The one welcomes, the other repulses him.

6. That is the way to pay due respect to counsel from the highest of all counsellors. "Diligent in business," says the Divine Record! Do something therefore — the right thing — do it — keep on doing it. Be wide awake about it.

MARRIED LIFE.

In considering our public and social duties, we must be aware that married life has its full share. When men marry and

settle down in life, the world generally looks on with approbation, and its congratulations are warmly given. The reason is obvious: "In marrying, a guarantee is given society for our good behavior."

But married life is not always as happy as it might be, and those who have resolved to live for each other, sometimes end their career in mutual dislike. But if it does come to this, there are often little disagreements, misunderstandings and troubles, which destroy the peace of married people; and in general the fault is to be traced to a want of consideration, a little precipitancy of action, on one side or the other. Half the success of married life depends upon the attention paid to trifles. Uniform kindness of manners is a sure method of preserving domestic quiet. In a recent work on social life, we have met with much on the treatment which husbands should give their wives and wives their husbands. The advice comes from a sagacious observer of mankind, and we think we cannot do our

readers a more agreeable service than by transferring to our pages some of the maxims which come from this well-wisher to our race.

“Husbands should always regard their wives as their equals, and treat them with kindness, respect, and attention. They should never address them with an air of authority, or as a master; nor interfere with domestic concerns, the employment or discharge of servants. The wife should always be supplied with money in proportion to her husband's means, that she may procure those things indispensable to the table, and for her personal comfort. Her reasonable wishes should be cheerfully complied with. Temper never should be shown at those slight irregularities in the domestic arrangements which will occasionally occur in families, and are often caused by servants. If the wife be a strong-minded and prudent woman, she is her husband's best counsellor, and should be consulted in every difficulty. Many a man has been

saved from ruin by this course, and many a one ruined by not adopting it. If the husband's circumstances are embarrassed, she should know it ; as women, who are kept in ignorance of them, often expend money which they would not do, if they knew the truth.

“ A wife should never be rebuked or chidden in company, for any little mistakes in conversation, or any other cause. Some men do this constantly, and strike a keener dart at the feelings of a sensitive woman than they would by a sharp rebuke in private. Anything like an exposure of ignorance in company, impairs her respect for herself and the good opinion entertained of her by others.

“ Wives should always receive their husbands with smiles, make their homes agreeable to them as possible, and gratefully reciprocate their attentions. They should study to gratify their wishes with regard to food, its preparation, the management of the family in dress, manners and deport-

ment. A wife should never rule or seek to rule her husband, for such conduct degrades both in the estimation of others. Cheerful compliance with his wishes — indeed, the anticipation of them, should be constantly studied. All altercations and arguments leading to ill-humor, must be avoided, whether before strangers or in private. Married life is too often embittered by idle disputes, without any real cause for them. Wives should not interfere in their husband's business, unless their advice is particularly asked. They should never speak of their differences of opinion, nor of the failings and imperfections of their husbands, even to their most intimate friends. For in spite of all the pledges given of secrecy, these things will soon become known to a numerous circle. This is a very common mistake, and many an unsuspecting husband is the object of very improper remarks. Wives should, at every opportunity, cultivate their own minds, that they may be rational com-

panions. In their expenditure they should remember the vicissitudes of life, and not incur expenses which may prove inconvenient or injurious. They should, in domestic life, think nothing a trifle which may interrupt its harmony, or give real uneasiness. If disposed to economise in their household affairs, they should never do it at the expense of the poor women who are in their employment, the seamstress or the laundress. Some women are parsimonious to the extreme in the wages they allow, only to be extravagant and wasteful in their own personal expenditures. This is an offence which will bring upon any family in which it is permitted, sooner or later, retributive justice.

AN EVERY DAY OCCURRENCE.

The apple which falls from the tree is met by the earth; not half way, but at a distance fitly proportioned to their respective

masses. The moon follows the movement of the earth with instant obedience, and the sun with prompt humility bends his course to theirs. The sister planets with their moons are moved by sympathy with earth, and the stars and most distant clusters of the universe obey the leading of the sun. Thus, throughout all the fields of space, wherever stars or suns are scattered, they move for the falling apple's sake. Nor is the motion slowly taken up. The moon waits for no tardy moving impulse from the earth, but instantly obeys. The speed of light which reaches the sun in a few minutes, would be too slow compared with this. Electricity itself, coursing round the earth a thousand times an hour, can give us no conception of the perfectly simultaneous motions of gravity. There are stars visible to the telescopic eye, whose light has been ages on its swift winged course before it reached this distant part of space ; but they move in instant accordance with the falling fruit. True it is, that our senses re-

fuse to bear witness to any motion other than the apple's fall, and our fingers tire if we attempt to write the long list of figures, which our Arabic notation requires to express the movement thereby given to the sun. Yet that motion can be proved to exist and the algebraist's formula, can represent its quantity. Thou who hast raised thy hand to do a deed of wickedness, stay thine arm! The universe will be witness of thine act, and bear an everlasting testimony against thee; for every star in the remotest heavens will move when thy hand moves, and all the tearful prayers thy soul can utter, will never restore those moving orbs to the path from which thy deed has drawn thee.

ELI WHITNEY.

MR. WHITNEY, was born in Westborough, Massachusetts, December 8, 1765. His early years were spent in assisting his

father, who was a farmer, residing in the south part of the town. His father belonged to that class of men who, in their frugal, quiet way, were somewhat satisfied to do what their fathers had done before them. The activity of young Whitney's mind, lead him often to retreat from the labors of the farm, for which he did not evince a great fondness, to the workshop of his father, where his taste for mechanics could be gratified. Among the anecdotes related of his early years, it is said that his father having occasion to leave home for a few days, on his return, enquired, as was his custom, into the occupation of his boys while he was absent. A good account was given of all of them except Eli, of whom his housekeeper reluctantly said, that he had been making *a fiddle*.—"Ah" said his father, with his characteristic shake of the head, "I fear that Eli will have to take out his portion in fiddles." We cannot wonder much at the father's forebodings, when we see how frequently idle, dissolute boys take up the fiddle,

or follow its sound. It is said however, that this fiddle proved to be a very good one.

About this period, his stepmother (who had recently become such) was in possession of a set of knives and forks, which were highly prized by her, as a superior article. Eli observed to her that they were well made, but that if he had proper tools, he thought he could produce as good, by his own manufacture. The mother was offended, thinking that he intended to undervalue that which she so much prized, but it was not long after, that one of the knives became broken, and he supplied its place so perfectly, that it was not to be told from the others, except for the want of the stamp, which he had not the tools suited to impart to it. Although but about thirteen years of age, his reputation as a skilful mechanic had become so general in town, that the people were in the habit of bringing to him mechanical jobs to execute, which were performed with such neatness, as always to satisfy, and not unfrequently to astonish those who

beheld his work. When about sixteen years of age, young Whitney persuaded his father to furnish him with the necessary implements for making nails, which, at that time bore a great price, and for two years he was employed profitably in this occupation, the father taking good care to reserve to himself all the profits arising from the manufacture.

About this period, he determined to acquire a collegiate education. By much perseverance and labor, as a mechanic, and keeping school, he succeeded in procuring the means necessary to defray his expenses as well as the knowledge requisite to enable him to enter Yale College in the year 1789, when about twenty-four years of age.

MR. CALHOUN'S FUNERAL AT
CHARLESTON, S. C.

THE day set apart for the reception of the remains of Mr. Calhoun was a day

which will long be remembered in Charleston. There was that deep-felt respect and veneration for his character pervading the community, which made what otherwise would have been but a grand and imposing pageant, exceedingly solemn and interesting. His stern and incorruptible integrity in public life, and the spotless purity of his private character, associated as these were with talent of the most exalted kind, rendered him a "bright particular star," whose disappearance from our sky must necessarily excite no common emotion. The Sabbath stillness of the morning of that day, the entire cessation of the labor and tumult of ordinary life, the spectacle of a whole city congregated around the bier of the mighty dead, the solemnity and propriety of demeanor which, in harmony with the outward signs of mourning, were everywhere visible, extending down to the very lowest stratum of society—these constituted an impressive and sincere homage to illustrious talent and virtue, which no

man but Calhoun could have called forth, and which no city but Charleston could have rendered. The population that *darkly* hung on the skirts of the funeral procession (a mile long,) conducted themselves with a decorum and quietness quite in contrast with the massive lowborn rowdyism which *will* have a "place in the picture" on all public occasions in Philadelphia and New York.

Everything was done — and done in the best possible manner — that could indicate the sorrow of the City and the State, in view of such a bereavement. The scene was specially interesting when, in presence of the multitude that filled the Citadel Square, and who stood the while uncovered, the Chairman of the Senate Committee, in brief but eloquent words, resigned their charge to the Governor of the State, who, replying with dignity and solemnity, then committed the remains to the care of the City authorities. Two hundred citizens, all of the highest respectability, in watches

of twenty each, kept guard during the interval between the reception at the City Hall at the close of the procession, and the interment in St. Phillip's churchyard, after religious services, on the following day. On this last occasion, Bishop Ladsden, an early associate of Mr. Calhoun's officiated, and an elegant funeral oration was pronounced by Rev. J. W. Miles, Professor in the Charleston College. Many days from that time, flowers, fresh every day, were laid by fair hands on the marble which now covers all that was mortal of JOHN C. CALHOUN.

It was grateful and soothing to the feelings of the friends and admirers of the illustrious dead, as, indeed, it was honorable to our nature, that such homage should have been paid to his memory at Washington, by those who were farthest from coinciding with him in political views. Massachusetts spoke then, in the Senate, in the tones of an eloquence which belongs but to

one living man ; and in the House of Representatives her homage to the dead was scarcely less splendid.

CHAPTER OF YOUNG MEN.

ALEXANDER, of Macedon, extended his power over Greece, conquered Egypt, rebuilt Alexandria, overrun all Asia, and died at thirty-three years of age.

Hannibal was but twenty-six, when, after the fall of his father Hamilcar, and Asdrubal, his successor, he was chosen commander-in-chief of the Carthaginian Army. At twenty-seven he captured Saguntum from the Romans. Before he was thirty-four, he carried his arms from Africa into Italy, conquered Publius Scipio on the banks of the Ticinus, routed Sempronius near the Trebia, defeated Flaminius on his approach to the Appenines, laid waste the whole country, defeated Fabius Maximus and Varro, marched into Capua, and at the

age of thirty-six was thundering at the gates of Rome.

Scipio Africanus was scarcely sixteen when he took an active part in the battle of Cannæ, and saved the life of his father. The wreck of the Roman Cavalry chose him then for their leader, and he conducted them back to the capitol. Soon after he was twenty, he was appointed pro-consul of Spain, where he took New Carthage by storm. He soon after defeated, successively, Asdrubal, (Hannibal's brother,) Mago, and Hann; crossed over into Africa, negotiating with Syphax, the Massasylian king, returned to Spain, quelled the insurrection there, drove the Carthagenians wholly from the peninsula, returned to Rome, devised the diversion against the Carthagenians by carrying the war into Africa, crossed thither, destroyed the army of Syphax, compelled the return of Hannibal, and defeated Asdrubal a second time.

Charlemagne was crowned king of the Franks before he was twenty-six. At the

age of twenty-eight he had conquered Aquitania; at the age of twenty-nine he made himself master of the whole German and French empires.

Charles XII., of Sweden, was declared of age by the States, and succeeded his father at the age of fifteen. At eighteen he headed the expedition against the Danes, whom he checked; and with a fourth of their numbers, he cut to pieces the Russian army, commanded by the Czar Peter, at Narva — crossed the Dwina, gained a victory over the Saxons, and carried his arms into Poland. At twenty-one he had conquered Poland, and dictated to her a new sovereign. At twenty-four he had subdued Saxony, and at twenty-seven he was conducting his victorious troops into the heart of Russia, when a severe wound prevented his taking command in person, and resulted in his overthrow and subsequent treacherous captivity in Turkey.

Lafayette was a major general in the American army at the age of eighteen;

was but twenty when he was wounded at Brandywine ; but twenty-two when he raised supplies for his army, on his own credit, at Baltimore ; and but twenty-three when raised to the office of commander-in-chief of the national guards of France.

Napoleon Bonaparte commenced his military career as an officer of artillery, at the age of seventeen. At twenty-four he successfully commanded the artillery at the seige of Toulon. His splendid and victorious campaign in Italy was performed at the age of twenty-seven. During the next year, when he was about twenty-eight, he gained battle after battle over the Austrians in Italy, conquered Mantua, carried the war into Austria, ravaged the Tyrol, concluded an advantageous peace, took possession of Milan and the Venitian republic, revolutionized Genoa, and formed the Cisalpine Republic. At the age of twenty-nine he received the command of the army against Egypt ; scattered the clouds of Mameluke cavalry, mastered Al-

exandria, Aboukir and Cario, and wrested the land of the Pharaohs and Ptolemies from the proud descendants of the prophet. At the age of thirty he fell among the Parisians, like a thunderbolt, overthrew the directorial government; dispersed the council of five hundred, and was proclaimed first consul. At the age of thirty-one he crossed the Alps with an army and destroyed the Austrians by a blow at Marengo. At the age of thirty-two he established the Code of Napoleon; in the same year he was elected consul for life by the people; and at the age of thirty-three he was crowned emperor of the French nation.

William Pitt, the first Earl of Chatham, was but twenty-seven years of age, when, as a member of Parliament, he waged the war of a giant against the corruptions of Sir Robert Walpole.

The younger *Pitt* was scarcely twenty years of age when, with masterly power, he grappled with the veterans of Parlia-

ment, in favor of America. At twenty-two he was called to the high and responsible trust of chancellor of the exchequer. It was at that age when he came forth in his might on the affairs of the East Indies. At twenty-nine, during the first insanity of George III., he rallied around the Prince of Wales.

Edmund Burke, at the age of nineteen, planned a refutation of the metaphysical theories of Berkley and Hume. At twenty he was in the temple, the admiration of its inmates for the brilliancy of his genius and the variety of his acquisitions. At twenty-six he published his celebrated satire, entitled "A Vindication of Natural Society." The same year he published his Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful — so much admired for its spirit of philosophical investigation and the elegance of its language. At twenty five he was first lord of the treasury.

George Washington was only twenty-seven years of age when he covered the

retreat of the British troops at Braddock's defeat ; and the same year was appointed commander-in-chief of all the Virginia forces.

General *Joseph Warren* was only twenty-nine years of age, when, in defiance of the British soldiers stationed at the door of the church, he pronounced the celebrated oration which aroused the spirit of liberty and patriotism that terminated in the achievement of independence. At thirty-four he gloriously fell, gallantly fighting in the cause of freedom, on Bunker Hill.

Alexander Hamilton was a lieutenant-colonel in the army of the American Revolution, and aid-de-camp to Washington, at the age of twenty. At twenty-five he was a member of Congress from New York ; at thirty, he was one of the ablest members of the convention that formed the Constitution of the United States. At thirty-one he was a member of the New York convention, and joint author of the great work entitled the "Federalist." At thirty-two

he was secretary of the treasury of the United States, and arranged the financial branch of the government upon so perfect a plan, that no great improvement has ever been made upon it by his successors.

Thomas Haywood, of South Carolina, was but thirty years of age when he signed the glorious record of the nation's birth, the Declaration of Independence; *Elbridge Gerry*, of Massachusetts, *Benjamin Rush* and *James Wilson*, of Pennsylvania, were but thirty-one years of age; *Matthew Thornton*, of New Hampshire, thirty-two; *Thomas Jefferson*, of Virginia, *Arthur Middleton*, of North Carolina, and *Thomas Stone*, of Maryland, thirty-three; and *William Hooper*, of North Carolina, but thirty-four.

John Jay, at twenty-nine years old, was a member of the Revolutionary Congress, and being associated with *Lee* and *Livingston*, on the committee for drafting an address to the people of Great Britain, drew up that paper himself, which was con-

sidered one of the most eloquent productions of the time. At thirty-two he penned the old constitution of New York, and in the same year was appointed chief justice of that State. At thirty-four he was appointed minister to Spain.

At the age of twenty-six, *Thomas Jefferson* was a leading member of the Colonial Legislature in Virginia. At thirty he was a member of the Virginia Convention ; at thirty-two a member of Congress ; and at thirty-three, he drafted the Declaration of Independence.

Milton, at the age of twenty, had written his finest miscellaneous poems, including his *L'Allegro*, *Penseroso*, *Comus*, and the most beautiful of Monodies.

Lord Byron, at the age of twenty, published his celebrated satire upon the English Bards and Scotch Reviewers ; at twenty-four, the two first Cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. Indeed, all the vast poetic treasures of his genius were poured forth in their richest profusion before he was thirty-

four years old ; and he died at thirty-seven.

Mozart, the great German musician, completed all his noble compositions before he was thirty-four years old, and died at thirty-five.

Pope wrote many of his published poems by the time he was sixteen years old ; at twenty his *Essay on Criticism* ; at twenty-one the *Rape of the Lock* ; and at twenty-five his great work, the translation of the *Iliad*.

Sir Isaac Newton had mastered the highest elements of the mathematics and the analytical method of Des Cartes before he was twenty ; had discovered the new method of infinite series of fluxions, and his new theory of light and colors. At twenty-five he had discovered the new principles of the reflecting telescope, the laws of gravitation, and the planetary system. At thirty he occupied the mathematical chair at Cambridge.

Dr. Dwight's conquest of Canan was commenced at the age of sixteen, and

finished at twenty-two. At the latter age, he composed his celebrated dissertation on the history, eloquence and poetry of the Bible, which was immediately published and republished in Europe.

GENTLENESS.

Years may pass over our heads without affording an opportunity for acts of high beneficence or extensive utility. Whereas not a day passes, but, in the common transactions of life, and especially in the intercourse of domestic society, gentleness finds a place for promoting the happiness of others, and for strengthening in ourselves the habit of virtue. There are situations not a few in human life, where the encouraging reception, the condescending behaviour, and the look of sympathy, bring greater relief to the heart than the most bountiful gift.

PHENOMENA OF SOUND.

In the Artic regions persons can converse at more than a mile distant when the thermometer is below zero. In air, sound travels from 1130 to 1142 feet per second. In water, sound passes at the rate of 4708 feet per second. Sound travels in air about 900 feet for every pulsation of a healthy person at 75 in a minute. A bell sounded under water may be heard under water at 1200 feet distant. Sounds are distinct at twice the distance on water that they are on land. In a balloon, the barking of dogs on the ground may be heard at an elevation of three or four miles. On Table Mountain, a mile above Cape Town, every noise in it, and even words, may be heard distinctly. The fire of the English on landing in Egypt was plainly heard 130 miles on the sea. Dr. Jameson says, in calm weather we heard every word of a sermon, at the distance of two miles. Water is a better

conductor of sound than air. Wood is also a powerful conductor of sound, and so is flannel or riband. Sound affects particles of dust in a sunbeam, cobwebs, and water in musical glasses; it shakes small pieces of paper off a string in concord. Deaf persons may converse through deal rods held between the teeth, or held to the throat or breast. Echoes are formed by elliptical surfaces combined with surrounding surfaces, or by such of them as fall into the respective distances of the surface of an ellipse, and are therefore directed to the other focus of the ellipse; for all the distances from both foci to such surface are equal, and hence there is a concentration of sounds at those points direct from one focus, and reflected back again from the other focus. An echo returns a monosyllable at 70 feet distance, and another syllable at every 40 feet additional. The echo of artillery is increased or created by a cloud, or clouds. Miners distinguish the substance bored by the sound; and physicians distin-

guish the action of the heart or lungs by a listening tube. Gamblers can distinguish, in tossing money, which side is undermost, though covered by the hand.

PRIDE.

There is no vice to which the human race are so prone, and none so unsuitable to their nature and condition, as pride — that self-love which springs up so rapidly in our souls, and leads us to view our own qualifications through a magnifying medium, which gives existence and reality to the phantoms of imagination. Pride commences with our life, grows with our growth, and spreads through all our conversation and conduct. She accompanies us through every stage, condition, and circumstance of our terrestrial course. She intermingles with almost every action we perform, and every pursuit in which we engage. She attends us to the grave, in all the pomp, solemnity, and ex-

pense of funeral. She engraves her ostentatious inscriptions on the stone that covers the mouldering body ; and when that copy is incorporated with its original dust, and these *words of vanity* are no longer legible, she attempts, by escutcheons and pedigrees and genealogical legends, to perpetuate the name which wisdom had perhaps consigned to oblivion. This is more or less the foible, this the deformity, this the deep-rooted vice, of all mankind. Pride appears in the cottage as well as in the palace ; she sits on the workman's bench as well as on the monarch's throne ; she struts driving a flock of sheep as well as marching at the head of a victorious army.

DRESS.

There is not in the world a surer sign of a little soul than the striving to gain respect by such despicable means as dress and rich clothes : none will depend on these ornaments but they who have no other.

LINDLEY MURRAY.

LINDLEY MURRAY, the 'prince of English grammarians,' was born in the memorable year 1745, at Swetara, near Lancaster, in the state of Pennsylvania. His father was an active and enterprising person, very anxious to improve his circumstances, and to raise his family to independence. Whilst he was following the occupation of a miller, he thought of devoting his attention to some other branch of business, and began trading to the West Indies, to which he made several successful voyages. Latterly, he became an extensive ship-owner, and engaged in a great variety of mercantile pursuits, by which he amassed a considerable fortune.

To his mother, an amiable and clever woman, young Murray owed much, and he was sensible of it. He held her in great esteem, and cherished towards her the feelings of a most affectionate and devoted son. Both his parents were members of the Society of Friends, and they were pious and

exemplary persons. The Bible was read daily in the family; and one of the first things which made a strong impression on his mind was seeing his father shedding tears as he sat in a corner of the room, perusing, by himself, the sacred page. This may appear to some a trifling incident; but such was its influence upon the mind of Lindley Murray that he continued to refer to it with gratitude and gladness till the end of his days.

Lindley was the eldest of twelve children. In his infancy he was very delicate. He was playful and frolicsome, however; and, being weak and sickly, he was greatly indulged, especially by his grandmother, who lived in the family. Indeed, he was, in every sense of the term, a 'spoiled child;' and, as was to be expected, became very peevish and obstinate. He was full of mischief and tricks, some of which indicated anything but an amiable disposition. As he was not corrected, he became so forward and ungovernable that it was found neces-

sary to remove him from the observation of his indulgent grand-mother, and place him under the care of an aunt. She was a woman of great kindness, as well as firmness of character; and it was not long till the wayward, mischievous boy found that he was under a very different kind of training from that to which he had formerly been subjected. To this discreet and excellent relative he was much indebted; and in after-life he frequently confessed that to her wise and salutary management he owed in a great measure his future eminence.

When about seven years of age, he was sent to the city of Philadelphia, that he might have the benefit of a better education than could be had at Swetara. But he was not long at the academy of Philadelphia till he removed with his parents to North Carolina. Their residence there was temporary, and in 1753 they settled at New York. Lindley was sent to one of the best seminaries in the city, and every attention was paid to his education by his parents and

teacher. Notwithstanding his fondness for play, he scarcely ever neglected to perform the tasks which were prescribed to him, and he did so to the satisfaction of his teacher. He made great progress in his education, and gained a reputation for talent and scholarship.

From school, young Murray was removed at a very early age to the counting-house of his father, who was most desirous that his son should follow the mercantile profession, though all his efforts and solicitations to this effect failed.

When between seventeen and eighteen years of age, he became so attached to literary pursuits, that the counting-house had no charms for him. To follow his father's business — to be a merchant — he would not consent; it seemed to him a most uninteresting and unintellectual employment. He communicated his wishes to his father, and expressed his intention to follow the legal profession; but his proposal was strongly objected to. His father reminded him of its temptations — of the small return it

would yield him compared with what he would receive if he became a merchant — and the anxiety he felt that he should assist him in his mercantile pursuits ; but all argument and persuasion failed ; he was determined to follow a literary profession, though, in his father's estimation, it was neither so lucrative nor so honorable as that of a merchant.

The office in which Murray was placed to acquire a knowledge of the law was one of the best which could be had in the city of New York. The principal was Benjamin Rissam, Esq., an intimate friend of his father's, a man of great integrity and eminence in his profession. John Jay, Esq., afterwards governor of New York, was his fellow-student — a young man who then gave indications of talent and excellence. With these advantages he prosecuted his studies with zeal and alacrity, and at the close of the fourth year he was called to the bar, and received license to practise both as counsel and attorney, according to the cus-

tom of that time. His success exceeded his expectations ; and at the age of twenty-two he married 'a young woman of personal attractions, good sense, a most amiable disposition, and of a worthy and respectable family.'

Shortly after his marriage his father's business required him to go to England, and to remain for a time in that country. Circumstances connected with his own profession rendered it necessary for him to go there likewise. In 1771 they returned to New York, where he resumed the practice of the law. He was exceedingly attentive and laborious, and was generally esteemed for his professional knowledge, as well as his private worth. He never encouraged litigation, even when he saw it to be for his own pecuniary advantage. He uniformly recommended a settlement of differences by arbitration, and never, in the whole course of his practice, did he undertake a case about the justice of which he had a doubt, or advocate the claims of an individual which he

thought unreasonable. He gained for himself the reputation of 'an honest lawyer;' and in consequence of his integrity as well as his ability he acquired great celebrity, and enjoyed for many years great success.

Subsequently he removed to England, and settled in the village of Yorkshire, where he published his 'Grammar of the English Language.' This work, which has gained such celebrity, was completed in less than a year. It was commenced in the spring of 1794, and published in the spring of 1795. He was induced to write it by some of his friends, who had established a school for young females in York. The first teachers were but indifferently qualified in this respect. These young persons he kindly instructed in this particular branch of education at his own house, and afterwards, chiefly at their request, published the grammar. He never designed it to be used beyond this school, but it soon found its way into other seminaries. It became in a short time a standard book, and for several years new editions of


from 10,000 to 12,000. were published. The number of copies sold of 'The Abridgment of the Grammar,' which appeared in 1795, has exceeded a million.

He died on the 16th of February, 1826. His endowments, intellectual and moral, were of a superior order; and few men have left behind them a higher reputation for wisdom, piety, and benevolence. His writings are a standing memorial of his literary and intellectual qualifications; and his conduct in all the relations of life testifies that he was a virtuous, generous, noble-minded man.

Mr. Murray was a member of the Society of Friends. He, as might be expected, was much esteemed by them, and they greatly mourned his loss. He was one of their brightest ornaments. But though attached to that highly respectable body of Christians, he was not a bigot: he had a great respect for religious persons of every name; and used his influence to heal the breaches which unhappily exist in the Christian church. He 'loved the brotherhood,' and he longed

for the day when Christians would be of 'one mind.' His testimony on this point is so excellent, and so necessary to be remembered in these latter days, that we must give it at length : —

' We are long in learning to judge wisely of one another, and to make charitable allowances for difference of understanding, disposition, education, &c. Mankind are all brethren, the children of one Father ; they should, therefore, when we believe them to be sincere and upright, be received as fellow-partakers of the same privileges. . . . I respect piety and virtue wherever I meet them. It would be a proof of my own superficiality or depravity if I valued a truly religious man the less for the name and the profession which he sustains. I trust that I shall ever be influenced by the cheering sentiment that every man who sincerely loves God and works righteousness is accepted by him, and is entitled to universal esteem and regard.'



ILLUSTRIOUS MECHANICS AND SELF-MADE MEN.

ADAM, the father of the human race, was a gardener. He had, however, a strange propensity for tasting unwholesome fruit, which produced very injurious effects, both upon himself and his offspring.

Noah was a shipwright and a husbandman; he navigated the whole earth in his ark, and got "seas over" in his vineyard.

Solomon was an architect, a poet and a philosopher; his conduct, however, was not always by line and rule; he trod the circle of dissipation, was erratic in his imaginations, and violated his own maxims. His conscience and strength of mind, however, reclaimed him, and his repentance is the most beautiful of the works which he has left for the contemplation of his species.

The Apostle Paul was a tent-maker, and labored with his hands at his vocation, while he endeavored to infuse into the minds of

his fellow men, the important truths of revelation. While he screened them with earthly tabernacles from the weather, he held above their souls the ægis of divine protection.

Matthew was a poor fisherman, he relinquished his humble calling for that of a missionary, and toiled assiduously to draw men from the fiery billows of perdition.

Quintus Cincinnatus was a ploughman, and was invoked to the government and dictatorship of Rome. His labors in the political field were as successful as those upon the soil.

Arsaces was a private mechanic, and was called to found the Parthian Empire. He built up a powerful nation, and erected for himself a mausoleum of fame which is indestructible.

Tamerlane, the conqueror of Asia, was also a mechanic ; he *rough hewed* Bajazet, and carved his way to fortune and glory.

Massaniello, a Neapolitan fisherman, was raised to the command of fifty thousand

men, and gave up fish lines for lines of bayonets, and river seines for scenes of carnage.

John, of Leyden, in Germany, was a tailor, and rose to the dignity of a king. He cut out a bad piece of work, however, and afterwards came to a miserable end. His goose did not fly well.

Zeno, the famous Bishop of Constantia, who had the largest diocese in that country, was a weaver. He directed his attention to *habits* both of soul and body.

Stephen Tudiner, a hatter in upper Austria, was made general, and commanded an army of sixty thousand. He made hats for others, but preferred for himself a chapeau.

Walmer, a shoemaker, succeeded him in command, but was slain by Count Papenheim. He converted his awl into a sword ; "his last state was worse than the first."

Mr. Edmund, of Sterling, in Scotland, showed such unparalleled bravery in the Sweedish wars, under that "thunderbolt of war, Gustavus Adolphus," that he was

made a general. A maker of bread might be supposed to know how to rise.

Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia, worked at ship-building. He learned the Russian Bear how to manage a boat.

Charles II., of England, was a turner of ivory, nor could the affairs of state divert him from his morning task at the lathe. He turned his mind, however, to other amusements, which tasked his health, and pared away his reputation.

Louis XIV., of France, was one of the best watchmakers of his reign. He forgot the burdens of power, in following the light footsteps of time, and escaped the flutterings of parasites, on the pinions of chronometers.

William IV., of England, was a sailor, and rose from the forecastle to the throne. He managed the ship of State with nautical address, and beat her a considerable way up the harbor of Reform.

Benjamin Franklin was printer, philosopher, and statesman. He drew lightnings

from heaven, and left his name in large caps upon the annals of his country.

George Washington, Andrew Jackson, and William Henry Harrison, were farmers. From the pursuit of agriculture, they went forth to pursue the enemies of their country, and from the fields of death gathered the "Golden Immortal."

Sir Richard Arkwright, who first conceived the idea of spinning cotton by means of machinery, passed the earlier years of his life in pursuing the humble occupation of a barber. His genius proved brighter than his razors.

John Leslie, professor of natural philosophy, in Edinburg, was the son of a poor farmer in Largo, Scotland. He was employed in the capacity of a herdsman. His pencil was a stick, and the ground his slate. From being the companion of cattle, he became the peer of learned men.

William Gifford was bound out to a shoemaker, after having served a number of years as cabin boy. Being too poor to

purchase stationery, he used to hammer out as smoothly as possible, small bits of leather, on which he traced problems with his awl. In latter years, his critical awl pierced the souls of many luckless scribblers.

THE CLAIMS OF SCIENCE UPON YOUNG MEN.

SCIENCE has a powerful claim upon the attention of young men, from the benefit it has conferred, and is yet capable of conferring, upon society. If the Gospel be the best gift of Heaven to men, signalized from all other gifts by the infinite preciousness of its benefits, and the unspeakable love of which these are the proof and the fruit, science is also eminently distinguished by its character of beneficence. It is to things of time what religion is to things of eternity. It bears pleasant fruit wherever it has taken root and grown. If it is not the prime instrument of civilization (for this

honor, too, must be awarded to the Gospel,) it at least advances its character, increases its resources, and confers some of the most precious benefits which men possess. Science has opened up all seas to our ships, and all lands to our commerce. It has prevailed against winds and tides, and marked out for us a distinct pathway over the pathless ocean. It has brought together the opposite ends of the earth, and brought to our homes all the varied products of every various clime. Science spreads our tables for us, and furnishes us with clothing. It has increased our capacities of motion, and promises to bring us yet greater benefits in the time to come.

For who will say that science has reached its limits, that no further progress is to be made, and no better fruit reaped from it? Such a conclusion would be alike unwarranted by the experience of the past, and by the nature of science itself. The discoveries most fraught with blessings to man are all comparatively of recent origin, and

almost every day is adding to their number. The face of society has been almost entirely changed by them within the memory of an existing generation. It is not long since the first steam-ship was launched, and we are every day learning more of the countless variety of ways in which the power of steam may be made available to the use and the comfort of man; and even contemplating what we have already acquired, who is there who would not account James Watt one of the most generous benefactors of our race?" Who is there that would not wish to possess a fame as wide-spread and as deserved as his? But surely such discoveries as his are not beyond the reach of possibility. They are not beyond the reach of the humblest disciple of science; and it ought to give an impulse to your minds to know this fact, to labor in the hope that even *you* may be rewarded by some discovery which shall not only gain for you an imperishable renown, but

which shall crown all posterity with manifold benefits. The laurel of the conqueror is stained with blood, and his path marked by desolation. The conquests of the man of science are more honorable and more pure. His path is like the fertilizing river, which covers the earth with riches, and adorns it with beauty. Why not enter upon and prosecute this path ?

Science has its special claims upon the *Christian* youth, because of the position to which it elevates the possessor of it. The ignorant Christian incurs the contempt of the world. He incurs such contempt, it is true, most unjustly, for he who knows his Bible, and is walking in the light of its truth, is in reality in possession of a higher philosophy than the proud infidel who despises him. At the same time, it is important to take the argument from the infidel, that the Christian believes his Bible because he is the victim of a blind superstition, and is ignorant of that which wise men ought to know. The cultivation of science

would produce this result, and might operate most beneficially in securing for Christianity the respect of the world, and possibly in inducing them to believe and embrace it. The Apostle Paul, when addressing the learned audience who assembled to hear him at Athens, did not disdain to commend himself to them by displaying his knowledge of their literature. We find him, in his brief discourse, quoting from their own poets, and showing that he was not a believer in the Gospel because he was ignorant of every other subject. And doubtless there was wisdom in seeking to commend his doctrine in this way to a learned and contemptuous people, who regarded all men besides themselves as barbarians. And in the history of the church, Christianity has certainly lost nothing, but may have gained much, through the scientific acquirements of those who have professed it. It is a felt advantage to the cause of Christianity that we have the name of Sir Isaac Newton on its side.

This fact helps to commend the study of it to those who have become vain in their foolish philosophy. It has put to silence many an objection, and demonstrated that our holy faith is capable of securing the cordial assent of the greatest and most powerful minds which adorn the annals of philosophy. On the other hand, it is far from desirable that science should be allowed to remain as the exclusive possession of the enemies of religion, and that the acquisitions of men in secular knowledge should be unsanctified. How much better were our Christian men also our scientific men — that those who are the directors of the world's mind should also be lights in the firmament of religion. Nor, in the common intercourse of life, is it without obvious and eminent advantage that the Christian youth shall be in a position in which, however much the scorner may mock his piety, he may stand forth as his equal or superior in all intellectual acquirements. He should not be exposed to the

charge of being weak-minded and ignorant. And the Christian youth should be stimulated to avoid the charge, not only because it is disgraceful to underlie it, but because his liability to it will deservedly make his Christianity itself less influential and effective for good.

I have anticipated much of what might have been said regarding the way in which the study of science should be regulated. I shall only now make the following brief observations :—

1. Those who are engaged in business and have a calling to attend to, should take care not to let their study of science interfere with that calling. Of most of young men it is true that their time has been lent to their employers, and it would obviously be sinful in them to neglect the business intrusted to them, even for such a praiseworthy object as the study of science. If the study of science be commenced and prosecuted under a violation of a plain moral duty, it can lead to no beneficial issue, and

it were better to abandon it altogether. But while young men ought to do their employers' work, it were well also that the employers should not be so exacting in their demands, as to preclude young men from the possibility of prosecuting any kind of study with success.

2. Let not science take precedence of religion. This were to alter the proper relations of things. The most important should be first. Science is fitted to become the handmaid of religion. It is destructive to both when science takes the place and the authority of a mistress.

3. The study of science is to be prosecuted with a humble mind. Humility is the foundation of greatness both in science and religion. Pride is ruinous to both. It was the humility of Newton which constituted his greatest glory. He felt himself as a "child gathering shells beside the great ocean of truth." And if, with his mighty acquisitions, he could sincerely experience and give utterance to such a feel-

ing, how much more is it becoming in those who can scarcely yet be said to have begun to gather the shells, but who have been merely hearing the sound of the mighty billows of the ocean ! He who has begun to entertain the conceit that he knows something, would do well to retrace his steps, and become persuaded that he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know.

THE MORNING.

The sweetness of the morning is perhaps its least charm. It is the renewed vigor it implants in all around that affects us—man, animals, birds, plants, vegetation, flowers. Refreshed and soothed with sleep, man opens his heart ; he is alive to nature and nature's God, and his mind is more intelligent, because more fresh. He seems to drink of the dew like the flowers, and feels the same reviving effect.

LOVE OF GOD.

‘God is love.’ All his perfections and procedures are but so many modifications of his love. What is his omnipotence but the arm of his love? What his omniscience but the medium through which he contemplates the objects of his love? What his wisdom but the scheme of his love? What are the offers of the gospel but the invitations of his love? What the threatenings of the law but the warnings of his love? They are the hoarse voice of his love, saying, ‘Man! do thyself no harm.’ They are a fence thrown round the pit of perdition to prevent rash men from rushing into ruin. What was the incarnation of the Saviour but the richest illustration of his love? What were the miracles of Christ but the condescension of his love? What were the sighs of Christ but the breath of his love? What were the prayers of Christ but the pleadings of his love? What were the

tears of Christ but the dew-drops of his love ?
What is heaven but the Alps of his mercy,
from whose summits his blessings, flowing
down in a thousand streams, descend to
water and refresh his church situated at
its base ?

CHARACTER.

Men are to be estimated, as Johnson says, by the mass of their character. A block of tin may have a grain of silver, but still it is tin, and a block of silver may have an alloy of tin, but still it is silver. The mass of Elijah's character was excellence, yet he was not without alloy. The mass of Jehu's character was base, yet he had a portion of zeal which was directed by God's great ends. Bad men are made the same use of as scaffolds : they are employed as means to erect a building, and then taken down and destroyed.

SUNRISE.

How beautiful the scene ! pen cannot paint, nor eye that has not seen imagine, the splendor of this morn. On one side, piles of rich crimson clouds recline upon a bed of brilliant purple ; on the other, the sky, of the most delicate blue that ever canopied the heavens, is shaded with a delicate pink ; while splendid arches, in form like heaven's own radiant bow, but glowing with a vivid rosy tint, seem to encircle earth and sky. Two lovely stars, though rendered paler by the glare around, shine like diamonds in the azure sky. From yonder meads a silver mist ascends, veiling, not concealing, the radiant turf, as if earth offered her morning incense to her Maker ; while the gentle robin pours forth a strain, so sweet, so clear, as though the beauty of the scene gladdened his little heart, and bade him sing his matin hymn in louder tones. Look where you may on Nature's face, the hand of her Crea-

tor is easily descried ; seen mid the glories of the breaking morn, visible when the shades of eve encircle earth and sky ; and seen, ah ! clearly seen, amid the splendor of the storm, when the thunder's roar proclaims his power ; and the lightening's flash, that comes we know not whence, lighting for a moment earth and heaven, then flies we know not whither, speaks in plain language an Almighty Maker.

MENTAL CULTIVATION.

What stubbing, ploughing, digging, and harrowing are to land, thinking, reflecting, and examining are to the mind. Each has its proper culture ; and as the land that is suffered to lie waste and wild for a long time will be overspread with brushwood, brambles, thorns, and such vegetables, which have neither youth nor beauty, so there will not fail to sprout up in a neglected mind a great many prejudices and absurd opinions, which

owe their origin partly to the soil itself, the passions and imperfections of the mind of man, and partly to those seeds which chance to be scattered in it by every wind of doctrine which the cunning of statesmen, the singularity of pedants, and the superstition of fools shall raise.

MAN IMPROVABLE.

The Eden of human nature has indeed long ago been rudely trampled down and desolated; storms waste it continually; nevertheless the soil is rich with the germs of its pristine beauty; all the colors of Paradise are sleeping in the clods: and a little favor, a little protection, a little culture, shall show what was once there.

THE HYPOCRITE.

He is the blot of goodness, a rotten stick in a dark night, the poppy in a corn-field,

an ill tempered candle with a great snuff that in going out smells ill ; an angel abroad, a devil at home, and worse when an angel, than when a devil.

OUR LOST TIME.

Lost wealth may be restored by industry, the wreck of health regained by temperance, forgotten knowledge restored by study, alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness, even forfeited reputation may be won back by penitence and virtue — but who ever again looked upon his vanished hours, recalled his slighted years, stamped them with wisdom, or effaced from Heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted time ?

RELIGIOUS GEMS.

Importance of Assurance. 'It is one main point of happiness, that he who is happy, doth know and judge himself to be so.'

Leighton.

‘ *Make us sit together in heavenly places.*’
‘ The believing soul is not only a debtor acquitted and set free, but enriched besides with a new and great estate ; and withal, highly preferred and advanced to honor, having a right to the promises, ‘ to the unsearchable riches of Christ,’ as the apostle speaks, and is recieved into favor with God, and unto the dignity of Sonship, taken ‘ from the dunghill and set with princes.’

Ibid.

‘ *Keep thine heart with all diligence.*’—
‘ Men are less sensible of heart wickedness, than of open sin ; they do not seem to know that the motion of spirits is far swifter than that of bodies. The mind can make a greater progress in wandering from God, in one hour, than the body is able to follow in many days.’

Ibid.

‘ *The quickening Spirit..*’ Though Christ be the *Head*, yet is the Holy Ghost the *Heart* of the Church, from whence the vital spirits of grace and holiness are issued out unto the quickening of the body mystical.’

The eye, the ear, and the tongue. ‘The ear and the eye are the mind’s receivers, but the tongue is only busied in extending the treasure received. If therefore, the resources of the mind be uttered as fast or faster than they are received, it cannot be but the mind must needs be bare, and can never lay up for purchase. But if the receivers take in still with no utterance, the mind may soon grow a burden to itself, and unprofitable to others. I will not lay up too much and utter nothing, lest I be covetous; nor spend much and store up little, lest I be prodigal and poor.’—*Bishop Hall.*

What we learn from the dying thief.—‘None should despair, because God can help them. None should presume, because God can cross them.’ *Philip Henry.*

‘*Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh.*’ ‘In religion, as in secular knowledge, he is the best teacher of others, who is best taught himself. That which we know and love, we cannot but

communicate ; that which we know and do not love, we soon, I think, cease to know.'

Do all unto the Lord. 'It is the motive and end of an action which makes it either dignified or pure.'—*Woman's Mission.*

'*Let Christ reign in your hearts.*' 'Desire not the company which would diminish your heavenly acquaintance and correspondence. Be not unfriendly nor self-sufficient and self-confident ; but beware, lest under the ingenious title of a friend, you should entertain an idol, or an enemy to your love of God, or a competitor with your highest and best friend.—*Baxter.*

'*Having a desire to depart.*' 'The religion of Jesus Christ, felt and enjoyed in the heart, can alone make a man *willing* to die. Hence it became not so much Paul's painful debt, as his cheerful vote ; he does not say, 'I must depart,' but 'I *desire* to depart.'—*Rev. James Sherman.*

Christ makes heaven. 'I will show thee all the glory of Greece, said an ancient to

his friend ; and so saying, he took him to Solon, the Spartan lawgiver. And is this all ? said his friend : Yes, replied the ancient, when thou hast seen Solon, thou hast seen all. And so when the saints see Christ, they see all the glory of heaven in Him ; 'the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne, is the light thereof ! What must it be to see his glory !'—*Rev. James Sherman.*

STICK TO YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

Let speculators make their thousands in a year or a day ; mind your own regular trade, never turning from it to the right hand or the left. If you are a merchant, a professional man, or a mechanic, never buy lots or stocks, unless you have surplus money which you wish to invest. Your own business you understand as well as other men ; but other people's business you do not understand. Let your own business be one which is good for the community. All occupations possess the elements of profit in themselves, while mere speculation has no such element.

THE BELLE OF COTTAGE VALE,
OR
THE WIVES OF INTELLECT AND FANCY.

CHAPTER I.

" Her looks were looks of melody,
Her voice was like the swell
Of sudden music, notes of mirth,
Which of wild gladness tell."

It was a mild and lovely day in the early part of October, that two young men, apparently about the same age, though of extremely different organizations, sat together in their studio, the one engaged in finishing the portrait of a beautiful young lady, while the other was deeply absorbed in perusing a work upon intellectual culture. The countenance of one wore upon it a mirthful and trifling air, while upon the other the candid and decisive look predominated. Indeed the Metoposcopist could hardly have selected two so totally different in charac-

ter, the indices of which were more plainly written upon their faces.

The skill with which the artist applied the color to the canvass before him, bore evidence of his aptness for, and thorough knowledge of his profession. Devoted entirely to his work, and more wrapt up in it if possible than was his companion in his study, he presented the appearance of a bird spell bound to the spot by some beauty which had caught its eye. The picture over which he was engaged, was one that might well have chained a person of less ardent temperament than his to the canvass before him, and yet every touch of his crayon seemed to add new beauty to the already charming work. The marble brow, the soft blue eye, the ruby lips which scarce concealed the pearly teeth beneath, the dimpled chin, and cheeks upon which the lily and rose together united in harmony, surrounded by the hanging curls of raven dye, together with the beautifully carved neck and rounded shoulders, gave a beauty

to the whole, which is rarely if ever surpassed.

After touching and retouching the picture before him, here giving it light, and there casting a shade, until the finishing stroke was made, he exclaimed,—“Heavens, what a beauty! Earth were a paradise with such as thee, and without thee, heaven were wanting its most precious boon!”

Removing it to a remote part of the room where the light fell upon it most favorably, and calling the attention of his companion to it, he said, an arch smile resting upon his countenance,—“What more could I have done unto my vineyard, that I have not already done?”

“I think,” replied he to whom this was addressed, “that a portion of your extravagance in language, and fanciful feeling, might as well be dispensed with now, as to humor their longer delay.”

“But friend Romeo,” replied the artist, “You are as insensible to the beauties of that work as though it were but an every

day occurrence. Few are honored with a "sitting" from so perfect a beauty as is there pictured forth to your gaze, and I can assure you that the beauties of the canvass can never surpass those of the original."

"Doubtless there are few, friend Zelotte," said Romeo, "who can boast a greater profusion of nature's bounties, than she whom you have had the honor of copying upon the canvass before you. But the outward form, be it attractive or repulsive, has nought to do with the *beauties of mind*; and he who becomes a slave to those charms, will rue the day that gave him birth. It were better that like the hermit, he had lived secluded in the deep recesses of some hidden cave, than that he had ever become a dupe to the possessor of those winning smiles."

"Ah friend Romeo" said Zelotte, "the extravagance of language is "upon the other side of the house," to use a parliamentary expression. Remember that charity begins at home, and when you shall have laid aside all tropes and figures, then may

you censure others for committing this error, yourself being innocent. But know you ought of whom you speak?"

"Nay," replied he, "farther than the science of Phrenology, in which I am a firm believer, teaches me of her character."

"And hast thou faith to trust to *that*, in a matter so important as this? It will serve as a subject to *spout* upon in public assemblies, and furnish mirth and jollity to audiences of weak and foolish minds; but where the grave and thoughtful subject of deciding upon character is excited, away with such superstition and folly. For my part, I would as soon choose the chart of a person's character which was given after feeling the irregularities of any other part of the body, as that founded upon the skull. Neither can be of use, and therefore are alike foolish whims, indulged by a class of weak minded beings, among which friend Romeo, I am extremely sorry to find yourself."

"*Time* is the only proof-sheet which vir-

tue can have," said his companion, "and upon this rests the proof of the science in which I believe. You will pursue a course totally different from myself in regard to this subject, and time alone must disclose the truth of the assertions which I have made. But so confident am I in the truth of this doctrine, that had I my choice in the two means of deciding upon the merits of a companion,—*the cultivation of her acquaintance for the space of ten years, or a Phrenological chart of her character*,—I would by all means choose the latter. For, possessing a large share of secretiveness, she might withhold from me that which might be of use to me in deciding the question, and which the science of Phrenology would immediately detect and hold up to view. And let me beg of you that you will inform me of the truth of my prediction, though many years may elapse ere I shall prove the science by a practical application of it myself."

The two companions separated, and a short time subsequent to the conversation

above alluded to, Romeo was called to separate, perhaps forever, from his associates in the Bay State, and return again to the South, from whence he had been sent to gain an education in a section of country less abounding with aristocracy and pride, than his native home.

Months and years flew by, and nothing of consequence transpired worthy the pen of the historian. Nothing was received by Romeo from his friend at the North, and he had given over the idea of ever again receiving intelligence from him. Death, perchance, might have taken him from this sorrowing world, and borne him hence to dwell in a brighter and happier home. Romeo had become engaged in the cares of business, and had arisen to a point in the ascent to wealth, than which few could boast a greater. Too much care for the dross of this earth had become infused into his mind, and he still lived on, *a single man, and a firm believer in the "bachelor's choice."*

In the village in which he resided, there dwelt a maiden of some five and twenty summers, whose outward beauties were anything but such as the eye of fancy would have chosen for its retreat, but like the diamond encased in some baser metal, being none the less valuable therefrom, so her mind hidden beneath this modest and unassuming exterior, was none the less worthy of admiration and praise. From infancy she had been subjected to the tyranny of a mother-in-law, who was any thing but a pattern for others, in her mode of treatment to the tender beings under her care. Until she became capable of reasoning and acting for herself, she submitted to the abuses, heaped upon her, by her so called mother, without a murmur. Being of not prepossessing appearance, and lacking the confidence of many of her sex, she was passed by, by the multitude, for one of a more pleasing exterior. But beneath this outward form, there lay hidden a germ, which needed but the genial warmth of love to ex-

pand and create a new life within, and cause to be shed abroad an influence which years could not efface. This the science in which Romeo was skilled, quickly perceived, and taking advantage of this opportunity, he selected her as a choice flower from among the many, and she whose mind was formed so nearly akin to his, became his faithful and devoted wife.

Like a monument rudely broken, is man in his single state, and while searching for the opposite half, how often does he connect himself with one in nowise his equal, forgetting that the beauty of the monument consists in the nicety with which the opposite half is fitted thereon, and making the holy institution of marriage, an ordinance at once imperfect and repulsive. How many do we see thus unevenly yoked together, and how few comparatively, would there be, if a proper course were taken to ascertain the merits of each previous to marriage, saving themselves thereby the mortification of learn-

ing when too late to remedy the evil, that they were not fit subjects for unity.

One joyful pledge of affection has blessed the union of Romeo and Kate, and as their little daughter carols day by day around her sunny home, the affections of her parents are more closely woven around her, and although the husband and father is consulted as to the most discreet and efficacious mode of correcting and subduing her childish propensity to evil, he universally yields to her who has learned wisdom in the school of experience, being, *a Wife, Mother, and Daughter-in-Law.*

Years roll by, and time with his ever revolving wheels, marks upon all a slow and sure decay. The happy pair now fast approaching the gloomy shades of eternity, their hearts firmly united to each other, sharing each other's cares, and multiplying each other's joys, look up to their daughter as their comfort and support, blessing the Giver of all, for this solace in the evening of their existence.

Educated as she was under the care of pious and affectionate parents, to whom the true worth and weight of words were known, she was in nowise possessed of a spirit of flattery, nor was she pleased when made the subject of it. Of a refined nature and amiable disposition, she won the affections of all around, and none had ought to complain of her having broken the golden rule. She holds fast to the principles inculcated by her parents upon the subject of marriage, and is a firm advocate of the science in which her father trusted, and which has been the means of enhancing to such an extent, the bliss of all concerned. A more liberal statute however, *making the weaker vessel equal with the stronger*, is the point at which she aims, and for which she toils with her whole soul. That she may succeed in her undertaking, and be rewarded by seeing her principles received by outstretched arms and open hearts, is the sincere wish of the author. Although as yet she remains a standing monument, incom-

plete in the sight of the world, for want of a companion, yet a belief in the general diffusion of knowledge upon this all important subject, leaves not the shadow of a doubt in the minds of her parents, that her merits will be appreciated, and that supreme happiness is the destiny of their much loved daughter.

And now kind and gentle reader, in view of this happy union, and the manner in which it was effected, it remains for you to decide whether it be a safe criterion to action. Study well this all important subject, and decide as reason and conscience dictate. It is upon *you*, that the effect for weal or for woe is to be produced, and *to* you will the generations following, look up for example. Prove yourself worthy of being considered as such. But to those who are as yet unsatisfied with the proof given them, I must beg leave to say, that I shall follow out the life of the artist whose fancy overpowered his intellect, and show by reasoning not to be refuted, the advantage of a *Wife of Intellect*.

CHAPTER II.

" In deeds of charity thy soul delights ;
In mercy, justice, and in human rights ;
The weak appeal to thee for just redress,
The sorrowing throng thy path to praise and bless."

In the western portion of a quiet little village, where the warm and sunny breezes of the south sweep gently past, fanning the weary laborer to repose, is situated a beautiful and romantic lake, known still by the original Indian name of Hoccomocco. The bold and picturesque masses of granite, from which arise the tall and almost leafless pines, sweeping as it were the vault of heaven, the calmness of its deep blue waters, and the innumerable birds which dwell within the forest which skirts its shores, all serve to make it in point of romantic beauty and loveliness, unsurpassed. Upon the shores of this lake the Indian was wont to offer up his sacrifice to his *invisible master*, and here too, the flames have often curled around the form of the warrior, doomed to the horrible

death of the stake. At its southern extremity is an outlet, which, as it flows onward toward the mighty ocean, gathering strength in its course until it becomes a proud and majestic river, plunges headlong over a mighty precipice, forming a cataract of great beauty; and though unnoticed upon the records of fame, it is deserving a passing notice from the traveller. Upon the river just above the fall, is situated a small and somewhat secluded village surrounded by a thickly-wooded forest, making it a very desirable retreat from the sultry heat of a summer sky. A few humble cottages, together with an inn, kept open during the summer months only, during which time it was well patronised — made up the entire village at the period of which we now write.

It was a lovely morning in the early part of June, when the song of birds and the sweet perfume of flowers gave to the scenery about lake Hoccomocco, a new-born charm, that the data of this story is fixed.

The waters as ever, rushed madly on toward the fall, throwing themselves upon the rocks below, seemingly striving to dash the adamantine substance to atoms, while its deafening roar was borne along upon the passing breeze to the distance of many miles ; the spray arising from the falling mass, forming in the rays of the sun a most beautiful rainbow. Above the fall, at a distance sufficient to render danger impossible, were numerous little crafts containing parties, who for pleasure, had chosen an excursion upon the smooth and glassy river. There were the husband and the wife, the parent and the child, the lover and his sweet-heart, the grey-headed and the careless youth, all in one joyous mood, seeking pleasure in the beauties and grandeur of the scene. In one of the boats, a tiny thing, was seated an old man whose silvered head and wrinkled brow told plainly of many a year spent in buffetting the adverse waves of fortune, and by his side was his daughter, pointing out to him the beauties of the scene, as she sketch-

ed them upon the paper which lay spread out before her. The stream, though apparently still, moves on with a deceitful pace, bearing along with it the boat and its unconscious inmates. Upon the shore are standing two young men watching the progress of the boat with acute anxiety! They realise the danger of those thoughtless beings who are now so wrapt up in the beauties of the surrounding scene as to be unaware of the danger which stares them in the face, and which must prove fatal, if suffered to progress with the rapidity which now marks its career. In vain they shout the alarm! The deafening roar of the elements drown all their cries, and in painful suspense they are compelled to await the issue! At last the inmates of the boat perceive their danger, and put forth every effort to stop their progress. But, alas! all is in vain. The eyes of all are now turned to the scene which must so soon terminate in death. Finding all efforts unavailing to lessen their onward progress, they resign themselves to their

fate, and in silent prayer await its decree concerning them. One moment more and a young man is seen making his way to the shore. Placing the end of a rope in the hands of those on shore, and making the other fast to his body, he plunges into the stream and swims toward the boat which is now fast approaching the fall. He struggles hard with the waves, and when within a short distance from the boat, he sinks beneath them ! but it is for a moment only. He again rises to the surface, and with one almost superhuman stroke, forces himself within reach of the boat, and grappling with it, her headway is checked. She swings round upon the very edge of the fall, and all are safe ! By means of the rope they are slowly drawn toward the shore, and in a few minutes, the voyagers, who so recently were in imminent peril of their lives, step from their frail barque and are once more on *terra firma*.

All crowd around to behold those who have escaped a most horrible death through

the daring conduct of another ; and their savior is looked upon as one on whom some special mission had been sworn, and the epithets showered upon him, showed how highly his conduct was esteemed. But all the praise of that crowd of beholders fell far short of giving him that satisfaction which he felt, when his eyes met hers, whom he had saved ! The look of gratitude, which beamed forth from her mild blue eye, amply repaid him for his exertions in her behalf.

After the excitement had in a measure subsided, the old gentleman, turning to his daughter said,—“ to whom do we owe our lives Estelle ? We should be ungrateful indeed, did we forget him, who has risked his life to save those of strangers ? ”

“ That is he,” said she, pointing to him, whom she had been regarding with a look which bespoke the depth of feeling which she cherished for him. “ But how can we suitably reward him ? The action has saved us from death, and how deeply should we feel our indebtedness to him.”

"I know of no way, dear Estelle," said her father, "in which we can so suitably show our reverence for one who has risked his life for ours, than to tender him our most heartfelt thanks. Pecuniary offerings are of no avail in a case like this, and although thousands are at his command if he will, yet I will not attempt to curb his noble spirit by offering him gold."

"I need no other remuneration kind sir" said the stranger, "than the thought, that I have saved two fellow beings from a watery grave; and with regard to lucrative compensation, the smiles of joy and looks of gratitude which beam forth from the eyes of her whom you call daughter, and who to you must, as such, be bound by the most endearing ties, render gold incapable of a single charm."

"He eulogises your charms Estelle, in quite extravagant terms" said her father. "But" said he turning to the young man, "we cannot indulge this prolonged conversation in your present condition. Pray step to my

carriage, a few rods distant, and accompany me home, for a change of garments."

"Yes" said Estelle, as she saw him about to reply, as she feared in the negative, "yes, you *must* accompany us for I long to learn more of him who has taken this interest in *our* behalf."

Whether this expression, uttered as it was with a winning smile and captivating air, had more than its proper weight of persuasive power or not, is unknown, but sure it is, that he accepted the extended invitation; and as she walked by his side, she regarded him with a vastly greater depth of feeling, than does a young lady generally regard her gallant, although his outward appearance was any thing but that which would inspire feelings of this nature.

Arriving at the home of those whom he had rescued, our hero was shown into a dressing room where he divested himself of his now cumbersome clothing, and donned the morning attire of a French nobleman. He was by no means an inferior looking young man,

and now that he was arrayed in the garb of nobility, his appearance was none the less attractive. But the fact, that the indweller of a cottage, remote from that section of country where aristocracy and pride are more abundant, possessed such, was to him a mystery accounted for only by the supposition of their French origin. He had become almost lost in his own thoughts, when suddenly remembering his situation, he cast a hurried look into a mirror which was so extensive as to show at a glance his entire person, and entering the parlor took a seat near a table upon which lay numerous choice volumes, an indispensable to this apartment in the mansions of the elite and talented of our community. A few moments more, during which time he busied himself by playfully turning over the leaves of a choice annual, and the old gentleman entered, followed by his daughter, upon whose cheeks—

In luxury reposed,
The richest tints of light and shade,
The lily and the rose.

"Allow me, kind sir," said he approaching our hero, "to inquire your address, which is as yet unknown to me."

"Certainly sir," said he "my name is Zelotte Banvard."

"Mr. Banvard," continued the old gentleman, "allow me to present to you my daughter, Miss Estelle Mignault; with the hope that she, by proving a friend in time of trouble, if such ever fall to your lot, may repay in a measure your care for us."

Our hero arose and received the delicate white hand extended for his acceptance, which he pressed with warmth, for language refused him assistance in this act. Perceiving his embarrassment she said—

"Mr. Banvard, I shall be most happy to cultivate the acquaintance of one who has so thoroughly proved himself a gentleman."

"Thank you," said Zelotte, somewhat recovered from his embarrassment, whatever might have been the sacrifice, I have been fully repaid, and beg that no further allusions to my heroic conduct be made."

After some time had been spent in conversing upon the interesting topics of the day, Capt. Mignault retired for a few moments to attend to some domestic affairs, leaving Zelotte and Estelle together in the room. It is at such a time as this, that Cupid with an unerring aim shoots forth his feathered darts in the glances which are exchanged between two loving beings, and so it was with Zelotte Banvard and Estelle Mignault. They had met under circumstances which were calculated to inspire them, young and fanciful as they were, with feelings of a tender nature, and giving themselves up to their influence, they were soon the slaves of each other, bound by the chains which they themselves had forged. Casting his eye about the room, he said,—

“I perceive you have taxed the skill of some Parisian artist to its utmost extent. These works of art are rare specimens of the triumph of skill, and have cost many a weary hour to him who traced them upon the canvass.”

"Yes," said she with a smile, "I have spared no pains to procure such as would please, and can now boast a collection, I think I may safely say, unrivalled by any in this part of the world."

"And among this collection I have the honor of being represented," said he pointing to her portrait which hung directly over the mantle.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Estelle.

"It is *true* that to me is due the praise or censure of having traced that imperfect copy of your charms; and although wanting that height of finish which adorns its companions, yet the beauty of the design reclaims the whole from the tongue of the slanderer."

The reader has doubtless, ere this, discovered that the person of Zelotte Banvard was none other than the youthful companion of Romeo, who was introduced in the preceding chapter. Upon this morning, the events of which have been described, he walked forth with another young gentleman to en-

joy the morning air, and being attracted to the river by the numerous boats which floated upon its smooth surface, they lingered upon its banks, until, as the reader already knows, he became the means of rescuing Capt. Mignault and his daughter, from a watery grave.

After spending a few hours at the cottage of Capt. M., he arose and took his departure ; not however without having received repeated invitations to visit them again, as often as choice should lead him ; an invitation, coming from the source which it did, which, be assured, he gladly accepted and promptly fulfilled. A short time elapsed after the first visit to the cottage, ere Zelotte became the frequent guest of Estelle, the result of which, as the reader has doubtless surmised, was *marriage*. Let us now draw the veil of obscurity over the two first years of their wedded life, which may be said to be its more happy period, and at its expiration again raise it, to view their prosperity and happiness.

CHAPTER III.

Like snow that falls where waters glide,
Earth's pleasures pass away ;
They rest in time's resistless tide,
Yet scarce a moment stay.

It was an evening transcendently beautiful, immediately preceding the great anniversary of American Independence. The surly clouds, which during the day had rolled themselves across the deep blue sky, hiding from the observer its beauties, now broke away, and the "Queen of night" reigned supreme. Her attendants, one by one peeped out, as darkness gathered over the face of the earth, and ere the deep toned bell had pealed forth the hour of nine, the heavens seemed one extensive bed of embers, sparkling, and striving to rival each other in brightness. A gentle breeze played among the sycamores, and in the distance the tune-ful nightengale sent forth her song, laden with the deep and stirring tones of love.

The river, as it moved majestically onward toward the mighty ocean, was scarce heard to utter a murmur ; and as some of the myriads of the finny tribe darted to its surface, disturbing its placidity, each dying ripple

“ Caught up a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there.”

The hum of the bee had ceased, and the the jay bird no longer prated its noisy song, and all nature seemed wrapt in a deep and sweet repose. But to many who mingled in scenes of pleasure it was far different. The spacious hall, lighted up with its thousand tapers, whose dazzling rays streamed through the openings in the rich damask curtains ; the rich and enlivening tones of the harp and viol ; the sparkling claret, which ran as freely as water ; the gay belles, upon whose cheeks the rose in all its beauty and brightness sat enthroned ; the ease and grace with which those participating in the witching dance, tripped over the seemingly yielding floor,—all presented a scene which

inspired the beholder with a feeling of mirth and gayety. But ah! the monster jealousy was there, to mar the pleasures of the evening. There were the lover and his sweet heart; the husband and the wife; old and young, mingling together in pursuit of happiness, and among this assemblage were Zlotte and his Estelle. Time had rolled away two years of their wedded life, and this was the anniversary of that happy (?) event. To him every thing seemed made for the especial enjoyment of himself, and he immediately entered into the spirit of it in earnest. Weary of dancing, the numerous guests set about devising other means of amusement, and in short there was scarcely a play that is known at the present day, which did not find a place in their programme.

The evening whiled away, and just as the grey dawn of morning appeared in the east the company dispersed, each retiring to their homes, some to muse over the scenes just passed, and others to seek re-

pose from their evening revels. Breakfast hour arrived, and Zelotte and his wife met together in the room in which it was served. Upon her countenance there sat a frown which froze the keen and susceptible heart of her husband. She spoke only when addressed, and in monosyllables with a short and fretful air. After the morning repast was finished, and a sufficient time had elapsed to render any little grievances forgotten, Zelotte again sought out his Estelle, and seeing the same frowning look upon her countenance he said,—

“ Estelle, my dear, why is sunshine a stranger to thy countenance this morning? Has ought transpired worthy that the brightness of thy smiles should be hidden beneath the surly clouds of anger and disdain?”

“ Ask of the winds, upon whose wings the echo of those sweet kisses were borne away, which you last evening bestowed upon those dashing belles. Ask of them, if in view of your *perfidy*, I am to be cen-

sured for *detesting* both actor and participant!" was her quick reply.

It is not the privilege of the author to dwell upon the scenes of discord and domestic strife, and we therefore refrain from portraying the paroxysm of rage which ensued. The redeeming of a forfeit in a play upon the evening previous, had excited the power of jealousy, and nothing could quench its fire. The principle which on all cases of difficulty had governed him, forsook him not at this hour, and remembering that "to err is human, to forgive divine," he forgot the anger of his wife, and sought to regain his former standing in her affections.

Alas, how short-sighted and erring are human beings. What an amount of pleasure presents itself to the mind, as we anticipate that which is joyous, and seemingly just within our grasp! How fondly do we dwell upon some favorite point, which we hope ere long to gain, and which now seems almost our own. But how few ever realize their expectations. The rose is cut down

and its beauty fades. The stately oak is upturned by the blast which it defies, and its branches wither and die. Thus it is with the hopes and wishes of man. Their beauty fades, their power dies. Years roll past and we again turn our attention to the hero of our tale. Two darling children, a roguish boy and lovely girl, have blessed this union,—Agnes, the very picture of her mother, and Charles the second self of his father. Agnes, though just entering her “teens” was looked upon by the gallant young men with all the admiration of youthful fancy, while Charles was a youth who bid fair with a proper mode of instruction and training, to excel in any avocation which he might choose, and upon him his father bestowed his wealth at a lavish rate. Scarce a wish which he manifested was denied him, and to be disappointed in any of his purposes was an event yet to transpire.

Balls, dances, theatres, and such like places were their constant resorts, and indeed

scarce an evening passed that they were not indulged with a visit to these hot-beds of vice. Young and imaginary as she was, Agnes plead with all the force which she possessed to have her wishes gratified, and her mother far from possessing foresight sufficient to read the baneful effects which it would produce upon her child, granted her slightest wish. If an objection was raised upon the part of the parent which the child refused to acknowledge, it was immediately dropped, and the child came off conqueror. This instability in the mother, and her susceptibility to be overcome by entreaty, made the daughter still the more importunate in her requests. Thus while thinking to appease her child in the best manner, she was only adding fuel to the fire which by proper management might have been subdued. * * * *

Peree Moulton, was a handsome and with-
all a witching young man, and although two
years the senior of Agnes, he moved in the
same circle with her. His superior abilities

to appearance, over others of her acquaintance, won her admiration, and ere long, the feelings which at their dawning merited only the name of friendship, ripened into the deep and unhidden passion of love.—For some time the matter remained locked in the secret recesses of their hearts; but like the river checked in its course, it was but gaining strength to rush on with renewed and unrestrained power, bearing along with it every obstacle which came in its way. The lovely Agnes was now sixteen years of age, and although the dart of Cupid had pierced the heart, yet she feared to reveal the fact, and suffered it to wrangle and fester within, till she was unable longer to withhold her feelings from view.—She determined, therefore, to throw the whole matter into the balance of parental council, and learn her fate, which she doubted not would prove as she wished, a full and unconditional permission of marriage. The proposition was listened to with pleasure by the mother, who gave her ready approval

of the same. But the husband and father was yet to be consulted; for though with her mother upon her side, she felt sure of her victory, yet with both she would feel better pleased. The mother more experienced in artfulness than Agnes, determined to act as solicitor, and gain if possible his hearty consent, the success of which another chapter shall unfold.

CHAPTER IV.

"Deal gently thou whose hand hath won,
The young bird from its nest away,
Where careless 'neath the vernal sun
She gaily caroll'd day by day."

"Zelotte," said his wife as she entered his studio, her face radiant with smiles, "I have something of importance to communicate to thee. Lay aside thy crayons and list to me, while I rehearse the whole to thee."

In compliance with this request he arose, and seating himself beside his "better half" in an attitude of ease, awaited the issue of the tale.

"Agnes," commenced the mother, "has sustained a great and inestimable loss, money, reputation, friends, anything almost, might have been preferable to this."

"And what is this of which you speak," asked Zelotte?

"Oh, nothing alarming" said she. "You know that we, once young and joyous crea-

tures, mingled in the dance, and with thousands of others we can testify to the power of love as it flits from flower to flower, till settling down upon some choice spot it reigns supreme. It is, as we can testify, the comfort of our days, and it is our duty to extend this blessing to all within our reach."

"Then Agnes has lost her heart?"

"Nothing less than this, and that too without the power of ever regaining it. She has received impressions upon her heart which time nor eternity can ever efface, and which if refused a home, will leave the mind a wreck forever"

"And who is the happy possessor of Agnes' love?"

"Peree Moulton; a young and gallant fellow, possessed of some thousands of money, and a residence some few miles from hence, of which a prince might well be proud," replied she. Upon the mention of Moulton's name, a cloud seemed to gather upon the brow of Zelotte, and raising himself erect he said,—

"This is a solemn question to decide; and knowing as I do the character of him of whom you speak, and to whom the future destiny of our daughter is to be entrusted, I fear that my consent must be withheld, at least for the present, and I hope that with your help and co-operation, I may be enabled to persuade Agnes to lay aside all feelings of this nature until she shall have attained to years of discretion."

"You need expect no such aid from me, as that of which you speak," replied his wife, somewhat piqued that he did not readily fall in with her, in giving his consent.

"My best wishes have long since been extended to her, for their happiness, and every prospect seems to promise a happy union. I see no reason why so scrupulous an investigation of this matter need be taken."

"This subject is one of vital importance to Agnes," said the father, "and it is for her good that I withhold my consent to her marriage. She is young and beautiful, and consequently from her inexperience, may

be led to believe that it is *herself* which her admirer loves, when in fact it is only the *beauties of her person* which have attracted his attention, and which *from bitter experience* I can say will never stand the test of earthly trials. As a man and a father, I shall endeavor to instruct Agnes in this matter, which I have too long left unmeddled with, from the fact that I had not dreamed of her being thrown in the way of temptations of this nature. *Never shall she be made the unconscious dupe of winning smiles*, so long as she can take the endearing name of father upon her lips. As you love Agnes, I entreat you to aid me in bringing about this end. Think of her after the spell of youthful beauty has flown, neglected by him whom she had chosen to be her bosom friend, but who was devoid of a single sympathetic feeling for her. No unity of purpose, thought, or feeling can be theirs, and like the ship continually lashed by the angry waves, so must they pass through this life, unhappy. Think of

this, and decide upon the wisdom of my course."

"Really Mr. Banvard, you have quite a tact for the clerical profession, and I should recommend that the easle and canvass be dispensed with for the more appropriate articles, the *pulpit* and *prayer-book*. But once for all I say, that Agnes shall have my support in this matter, though it meet with your serene highness' utmost derision and contempt!"

With a haughty toss of the head she left his studio, leaving Zelotte to ponder over the scene just enacted, and contrast his present state of enjoyment with the broad and unlimited sea of happiness upon which he once sailed.

It would be a scene devoid of interest to the reader to be led through all the various and oft repeated crosses which the husband and wife experienced, and we shall therefore pass them by in silence.

The father's consent being withheld from Agnes, she formed the resolution of eloping

with her lover, and thus possess herself of that enjoyment of which her father's will deprived her at home. His kind words and loving counsel were all disregarded, and through the influence of her mother, they were more than lost upon her. Alas how vain and worse than worthless did beauty appear to Zelotte, as he saw what tremendous deficiencies in mind it hid. How did he repine over the fate which had made him to connect himself with one in nowise his equal, and one even, who would in no respect yield to his wishes if so be that they clashed with her own. How often did he think of his friend Romeo, and shame would cause him to banish from his mind all remembrance of the fact, that such a being had ever existed. Yet it was but a momentary relief, for again would it come back clothed with all the freshness of a new life, to censure him for his folly.

Scarce had twelve short months rolled over the head of Agnes, now heart and hand the wife of Peree Moulton, ere the

ardor of his love began to cool. A few months more and he became indifferent, and in less than two years after her marriage, he neglected her entirely for the more palatable pleasures of the opera, the gaming house, and not unfrequently the brothel! Whenever his appearance was made, it was to heap insult and abuse upon his loving wife, whose treatment towards him, was ever kind and obliging. Thus matters remained, when at the close of the fourth year of her wedded life, she received a letter from that father whom she had spurned, and whose counsel she had set at naught, requesting her to return to her youthful home and be happy once again. But no: too great a change had been wrought within her to ever again be happy, and, to meet the friend from whose arms she had flown as from the coil of a serpent, she could never do. Her spirit had been crushed and her constitution ruined by the violent bursts of grief which she had sustained, and now she was fast sinking into that world "where the

wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Upon a fine day in May, as the sun smiled upon the earth, and the birds sent up their joyous songs to heaven, death came to her relief, and she entered the courts of the New Jerusalem.

Sad indeed were the hearts of the parents as they followed the remains of their daughter to the grave, and this feeling was not lessened by the thought, that if a proper parental government had been kept up by them, the union of Agnes with an unfeeling husband might have been thwarted, and the present scene of mourning have been one of feasting. But this was but the commencement of retributive justice. Scarce had the death knell of their daughter ceased ringing in their ears, ere the mournful intelligence of their son's imprisonment reached them. He was charged with committing that crime most enormous of all upon the records of wickedness,—that of *murder*. Months did he lay in the damp and cheerless dungeon, and though acquitted of the crime of *murder*,

he was doomed to spend the remainder of his life in the dark and cheerless prison.*

After sentence had been passed and he remanded back to prison, his thoughts were those which imagination can faintly picture, and language never describe. Hope of an acquittal had until now so occupied his mind, that a realization of his situation had never come in to him. But now so poignant was his grief, that life seemed almost ready to yield. Amid all his horror of conscience, he penned the following epistle to his parents, the perusal of which, must give the reader, as it did them, a thorough knowledge of the first great cause which placed him in his now unenviable situation.

“Dec. 29, 18—.

“Dear Father and Mother,—

“It is with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret, that I attempt to address a few lines to you. Pleasure that my life, health, and reason are spared, and pain

* The criminal to whom this refers, is now in the Charlestown State Prison.

that I am obliged to pen this epistle within the walls of a prison. Oh that they to whom the training of youth is submitted, could but read in my fate the fate of all those who are alike suffered to go on in their own wilful course. Would to heaven that ere I had seen this day, I had laid deep in the cold and silent grave. But alas! to repine over days and hours mis-spent can never recall them. Had you drawn the rein of parental government more tightly, then had you been saved the mortification which you now must suffer, and I escape the punishment which I must now bear. * * * *

Let me urge upon you, that you will do all in your power to instil into the minds of parents and guardians, the necessity of curbing the inclinations of youth. The storms of passion must be checked by other means than bribes, or they will fill in after life a situation ignoble and disgraceful, of which I am a melancholy example. Weep not for me remote from the gaze of the world,

but rather let me mourn over the disgrace which I have brought down upon your heads, and which you must bear wherever you go. That this affliction may prove the means of caution to others, and of better preparing us for that world where all is love and joy, is the sincere wish of a repentant and loving son. Adieu,

“CHA’S P. MIGNAULT.”

It is anything but pleasing to the writer to portray the infelicities of married life, and while doing thus he is well aware of the tremendous weight of opinion which is against him. But *truth* let it grapple with whatsoever thing it may which is pleasing to us, should stand forth to the gaze of the world, for by this are we to judge our future course of action.

After the death of his wife, which followed a short time after the fate of Charles was made known to her, Zelotte, to pass away the weary hours of his existence, resolved to resort to travel, and accordingly

taking sufficient means from out of his abundance, he left the scenes of his home, resolving never again to return until age should make it impracticable for him longer to dwell among strangers. The grief and mortification which had hurried his partner to the grave, had wrought a mighty change upon himself, but with change and gaieties, he hoped again to regain his wonted cheerfulness and be happy.

The day was one of loveliness and beauty, that a traveller alighted at the inn in a quiet village in the warm and sunny clime of Georgia, and giving the rein to the groom he entered upon the accommodation of "mine host." As he entered, he cast a scrutinizing glance at the landlord, and registering his name in a hurried manner, he retired to the apartment which was shown him, and turning the key, he threw himself upon a couch at the extremity of the room. Sleep came not to his eyes nor slumber to his eyelids, and in agitation he arose and paced his room. Pausing before a mirror

which was one of those of rich German manufacture, reflecting his person back in all truthfulness and precision, he exclaimed, "What a contrast! This countenance wrinkled and wan from grief and misfortune, rebukes its possessor for having brought this evil upon it, while that of my friend is as fresh and joyous as ever. Oh, that I had heeded his counsel and advice ere I plunged into the very vortex of folly and despair. Happy in the enjoyment of himself, and striving to make others like him by imparting joy and happiness to those around him, he still clings to this world from which I long to be freed." A low rap at his door aroused him from his musings, and assuming an air of cheerfulness which was foreign to his mind, he answered the summons,—when before him stood "mine host," the veritable Romeo of his youthful days.

After the first salutations were over, Romeo, addressing his friend in a kind and familiar manner, said,—

"You will pardon my intrusion, friend

Zelotte, but learning from your address that an old and much esteemed friend was the inmate of my house, and one too, whom the waves of oblivion had well nigh buried beneath their swollen surges,—I could restrain my inclination to grasp your hand within my own no longer.”

A promise to inform each other of their fortunes during the life which was now casting the shadows of night around them, was given, and on the succeeding evening each was made acquainted with the leading points of the life of his friend. After leading the astonished Romeo through all the various scenes of his chequered life, Zelotte in closing said,—

“And now, friend of my youth, whose counsel I spurned, and whose upright and manly principles I laughed to scorn, accept my hearty repentance of the same, pardoning any seeming lack of courtsey in my manner, attributing the same to the baneful effects of an unhappy marriage, to which I have fallen a victim.”

CONCLUSION.

Reader, our task is done. He who eulogised the charms of his patron while he transferred them to the canvass, detested and abhorred the same when she became his wife. Alas, how many like the careless Zelotte, are governed by fancy rather than intellect in the choice of a companion, and how many like him are compelled to spend a life of misery and unhappiness as a reward. Thanking you for your patient perusal of this tale, and hoping that you may safely enter the peaceful haven of matrimony, and enjoy in peace and tranquillity the blessings of connubial bliss, we bid adieu to the reader, who has so kindly borne company with the writer of "The Belle of Cottage Vale."

PUNCTUALITY.

Ah! that's the word—punctuality! did you ever see a man who was punctual, who did not prosper in a long run? We don't care who or what he was—high or low, black or white, ignorant or learned, savage or civilized—we know if he did as he agreed and was punctual in all his engagements, he prospered, and was more respected than his shiftless, lying neighbors.

Men who commence business should be careful how they neglect their obligations, and break their word. A person who is prompt, can always be accommodated, and is therefore “lord over another man's purse” as Franklin would say. Never make promises upon uncertainties. Although the best of men may sometimes fail to do as they would, the case is exceedingly rare. He who is prompt to fulfil his word, will never make a promise where it is not next to a moral certainty that he can do as he agrees.

If you would succeed, be punctual to the hour. Return borrowed money the moment you promised it. In all things if you are thus prompt, we will risk you through life; you will succeed—you cannot help it. Those who are prompt in their business affairs, are generally so in every department of life. You never know them to be late to church, to the polls, or to bed. A promptness in every thing characterises them. May you be thus prompt. The first symptoms of reform, if you have been remiss in duty, will be to send to the printer forthwith, and pay your subscription. We have been more or less connected with papers for twenty years, and the result of our experience is; the man who pays punctually for his paper is prompt in every transaction of life—makes a good citizen—exerts a good influence—prosperes, and is in a fair way to reach heaven.

A CHEERFUL WIFE.

A good writer has remarked that a woman may be of great assistance to her husband, by wearing a cheerful smile continually upon her countenance. A man's perplexities and gloominess are increased ten fold, when his better half moves about with a continued scowl upon her brow. A pleasant, cheerful wife is as a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of trouble, is like one of those fiends who are appointed to torment him.

CO-OPERATION OF THE WIFE.

There is much good sense and truth in the remark of a modern author, that no man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labor

with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or his farm ; fly over lands ; sail upon the seas ; meet difficulty and encounter danger ; if he knows he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home ! Solitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life ; and he is but half provided for his voyage, who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress, no sympathising partner is prepared.

A BROTHER'S LOVE.

There is something transcendently virtuous in the affections of a warm hearted brother towards his gentle and amiable sister. He can feel unbounded admiration for her beauty ; he can appreciate and applaud the kindness which she bestows upon himself. He can watch the blush steal over her features, when he tells her

of her innocent follies, and he can clasp her to his bosom in consolation when the tears gush from her overloaded heart.

With woman there is a feeling of pride mingled with the regard which she has for a brother. She looks upon him as ONE fitted to brave the tempest of the world ; as one to whose arm of protection she can fly for shelter, when she is stricken by sorrow, wronged or oppressed ; as one whose honor is connected with her own, and who will not see her insulted with impunity. He is to her as the oak is to the vine ; and though she may fear all others of mankind, she is secure and confident in the love and protection of her brother.

Nothing affords such satisfaction, and nothing entwines a sister so effectually among his sympathies and interests, as profound reliance on her virtue, and an abiding conviction of her diffidence and delicacy. As these two latter are far the most delightful qualities of a female, so

they are the strongest spells for enticing away the affections of the other sex. A female without delicacy, is a woman without principle; and as an innate and shrinking perception of virtue is a true characteristic of a pure hearted creature, so it is the most infallible union between hearts that truly beat in response to each other. There is more tenderness in the disposition of woman than of man; but the affection of a brother is full of the purest and most generous impulse; it cannot be quenched by aught on earth, and will outlive all selfish and sordid attachments. A deep rooted regard for a gentle creature, born of the same parents with ourselves, is certainly one of the noblest feelings of our nature; and were every other feeling of human nature dead save this, there would still a bright hope remain that the fountains of virtue and principle were not yet sealed.

FOR HUSBANDS.

A man's house should be his earthly paradise. It should be, of all other spots, that which he leaves with most regret, and to which he returns with most delight. And in order that it may be so, it should be his daily task to provide everything convenient and comfortable for his wife. With every provision he can possibly make, her's will be a life of care and toil. She is the sentinel who can seldom, if ever, be relieved. Others may sleep, but if there be any one who must watch, it is she. She ought therefore, to be furnished with every comfort within the means of her husband. Generally, every shilling expended by the husband for the accommodation of his wife in her domestic operations, is returned upon him four-fold—if not precisely in pecuniary advantage, though this is often true, it will be found in the order, peace and happiness of his family.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Take care of your minds. Cultivate, enlarge, improve these wonderful, mysterious powers which God has given you. Let them not lie dormant. Let them not remain unfurnished. Call them forth—apply them; educate, develop them. For this end seek knowledge. “Take fast hold of instruction, let her not go.” Strive to gather knowledge every way—from books, from men, from yourself, from the world. Study, reflect, examine, read, converse—all with a view to improve your minds. Youth is the season for such improvement. Do not let it pass unimproved. You are highly favored with means, with facilities for improvement. Books teem from the press every week, every day. They are in every house. Then you may find time to read and reflect. Such are the methods, the easy methods of obtaining support, that young men are not compelled to incessant

labor, to acquire the means of living. They can, if they will, find time for intellectual improvement. They live where general intelligence is widely diffused ; where the arts and sciences are cultivated ; where the opportunities for a good education are within the reach of every one. Such an education every man may acquire ; and, with a divine blessing, he may rise and become distinguished, and hold a place among the most useful of his fellow-men. Such places of distinction and trust and usefulness are not all filled by the wealthy and the children of wealth. They are open to every one who will be strong, and show himself a man. They are indeed filled by men coming from every class and profession and occupation. Some of the most useful in our land, have risen by their own exertion. They have been self-made men. From a poor printer's boy, we can speak of a Franklin ; and from the apprenticed shoemaker, of a Roger Sherman. Others like those great men are now living,

and doing good, extending good in every department of life, who have come up to such stations, with facilities of which every one who hears me may avail himself.

Every one, then, should improve these facilities. Every young man should aim at the attainment of a good education. He needs this in order to be strong, and show himself a man. Without it he will have physical strength to no purpose. Without it he cannot be serviceable to himself nor to others. Everything within him and without him must suffer. If he be at the head of a family, his family must suffer. If we view him in the relation of a citizen, the community must suffer. Ignorance everywhere tends to suffering; poverty and crime are its results. This we learn from the unbroken testimony of men in public life, from all our judges and jurors; it is read and felt in the history of our alms-houses, and prisons, and penitentiaries. Ignorant men are likely to be vicious, dissolute. They are more inclined to the low, debas-

ing, vulgar amusements of life, to sensual indulgence, and, of course, to moral, spiritual, eternal ruin. Let all young men, then, strive to improve and develop their intellectual powers. This they owe to themselves ; they owe it to their friends, to the nation, to the world ; above all, to Him who formed them with capacities for ever-growing, ever increasing attainment. Allow me to add, their improvement depends much upon their choice of books. If they seek and obtain pernicious books, their minds never will, never can expand the most successfully. Such reading dissipates and weakens the mental powers ; the intellect becomes enervated ; it cannot assume manly vigor. No youth can show himself a man who is pouring over works of mere fancy, of romance. Not to allude to the polluting effects of such reading on the morals of the young, and the utter ruin of character which it has so often brought, it is destructive of vigorous thought ; it never secures noble, dignified, powerful intellects ;

these are the results of a different reading. I would say, then, to all young men, make choice of good books ; select the best works ; standard works of history, voyages, travels, and biographies of distinguished men ; such works as will refine, elevate, and improve, the mind, and purify the heart. And, in all your reading, make that book your constant companion which has done more for man than all other books together ; without which, no man ever became truly great and truly good.

I cannot express my views on this point so well as to quote the language of a beautiful writer. " Prize above every other book, the volume of inspiration. Independent of its unquestionable claim to the highest authority, it stands forth acknowledged by the strongest intellects, and revered by the holiest hearts, as the book of books. For all that is venerable in antiquity, beautiful in morals, and sublime in truth, it remains unrivalled. Its lessons are taught in the purest language, and its

instructions suited to every circumstance of life. It is at once the foundation of history the standard of morals, a book of biography, a volume of poetry, and the basis of all true philosophy. In it are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. In comparison, Byron loses his fire, Milton his soarings, Gray his beauties, and Homer his grandeur and figures. No eye like the rapt Isaiah's ever pierced the future; no tongue ever reasoned like sainted Job's; no poet ever sung like Israel's shepherd king; and God never made a wiser man than Solomon. The words of the Bible are pictures of immortality; dews from the tree of knowledge; pearls from the river of life, and gems of celestial thought. As the moaning shell whispers of the sea, so the Bible breaths of love in heaven, and joys too pure to die. It is our guide to virtue and happiness, and by its holy teachings we may be made wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Jesus Christ."

Such a book, if read and studied, will aid

every young man who desires to obtain instruction, and improve his intellect. It will aid also in securing a higher object, one to which I now invite you—it is that of the elevation and improvement of the moral powers. These are requisite to make the man; mere intellectual attainment can never do it. This is only the means, not the end of our being. To accomplish that end, attention must be given to our moral nature. If this is neglected, the more we know, the more mischief we shall do. Let, then, every young man aim at moral elevation. This includes the love and practice of all the virtues of life. In naming some of them, I ought not to omit industry. This is an essential element. An idle man is almost always a vicious man. Idleness is the parent of every vice; it is the devil's handmaid to secure his votaries; it is condemned in Scripture, and has upon it the brand of infamy. It is a source of misery; its very ingredients are miserable. It is at war with the condition of man, as formed

by his Creator, and is hostile to all his relations to life. No man can be useful to himself or others, who is idle. Cultivate, then, industrious habits. They are essential to your success; they are essential to your comfort; they are essential to your morality, and to your manliness. Without them you cannot be, you cannot show yourself a man.

Another element of moral elevation is economy. By this is not meant the perversion of the principle, parsimony, avarice, not that undue love of the world so fully condemned in the Bible. But it is meant that we should be saving, frugal—not wasteful, not prodigal. He who required the fragments to be gathered when he wrought a miracle in feeding the five thousand, requires us to practice the principles of economy, for our own good and for the good of others. The conduct of many on this point is widely different. They suppose they must be prodigal to some extent, in order to be respected. They mistake in

regard to what constitutes true respectability. With these mistaken views, they have allowed themselves in a course of living which has beggared their families and impoverished others. Many a man in business has failed and gone into bankruptcy, by the simple process of expensive living. On the other hand, many young men have risen to opulence and respectability, and at length to great influence and usefulness, by the practice of economy. This is necessary to constitute the man. This should be adopted by every one who wishes to show himself a man. This leads me to add, he should shun all evil, sinful, vicious, pernicious habits. Habits of almost every kind are easily acquired, and when acquired are difficult of removal. They become second nature ; they become a part of our being ; they are indeed elements in our very constitution. The inspired penman understood this when he declared (Jer. 13 : 23), " Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots ? then may ye also do good that are

accustomed to do evil." Habits of every kind are permanent. Those relating to the mind, to the mere intellect, when fixed in early life, are seldom erased. We read of a distinguished nobleman in England, born of Scotch parents, who formed the habit in his childhood of speaking the Scotch dialect. As he arrived to maturity, and mingled in the scenes of the English Parliament, he labored to improve and change his style of speaking. With the best teachers and a rigid course of discipline he succeeded for the time; but after a few years, the Scotch brogue returned upon him and remained with him till death. We recollect the case of a devout, pious man, remarkable for his sobriety of speech and for his heavenly conversation. He was taken sick, and lost his reason. In this state of aberration he uttered the most profane, obscene language. On his recovery the fact was stated to him. He was surprised, and accounted for it only on the ground of early habits. In his state of

youthful impiety he was addicted to this pernicious habit. Many such cases exist, to teach young men to guard against all evil habits.

HOW TO PROSPER IN BUSINESS.

In the first place, make up your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake : decide upon some particular business, persevere in it. "All difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity."

Be not afraid to work with your hands, and diligently too. "A cat in gloves catches no mice."

Attend to your own business, and never trust it to another. "A pot that belongs to many, is ill stirred, and worse boiled."

Be frugal. "That which will not make a pot will make a pot lid." "Save the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves."

Be abstemious. "Who dainties love, shall beggars prove."

Rise early. "The sleeping fox catches no poultry." "Plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and keep."

Treat every one with respect and civility. "Every thing is gained and nothing lost by courtesy." "Good manners ensure success."

Never anticipate wealth from any other source than labor. Especially, never place dependence upon becoming the possessor of an inheritance. He who waits for dead mens' shoes, may have to go a long time barefoot. "He who runs after a shadow has a wearisome race."

Above all things, never despair. "God is where he was." "Heaven helps those who help themselves."

Follow implicitly these precepts, and nothing can hinder you from accumulating.

DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN.

We have rarely seen a better definition of what is meant by the term gentleman than

that given by the poet Bishop of the Episcopal Church of New Jersey, in a prospectus of the ends and objects of Burlington College, Bishop Doane says: —

“ When you have found a man, you have not far to go to find a gentleman. You cannot make a gold ring out of brass. You cannot change a Cairn-Worm or a Cape May crystal to a diamond. You cannot make a gentleman till you have first a man. To be a gentleman, it will not be sufficient to have had a grandfather.

“ What can enoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.”

“ To be a gentleman does not depend upon the tailor or the toilet. The proof of a gentleman is not to do no work. Blood will degenerate. Good clothes are not good habits. The Prince Lee Boo concluded that the hog, in England, was the only gentleman as being the only thing that did not labor. A gentleman is just a *gentle*-man; no more, no less; a diamond polished, that

was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is modest. A gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is generous. A gentleman is slow to take offence, as being one that never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one that never thinks it. A gentleman goes armed, only in consciousness of right. A gentleman refines his tastes. A gentleman subdues his feelings. A gentleman controls his speech. A gentleman deems every other better than himself. Sir Phillip Sidney was never so much a gentleman—mirror though he was, of England's knighthood—as when upon the field Zutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draft of cool spring water that was brought to quench his mortal thirst, in favor of a dying soldier. St. Paul described a gentleman when he exhorted the Phillipian christians—“Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good

report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." And Dr. Isaac Barrow, in his admirable sermon on the calling of a gentleman, pointedly says, "He should labor and study to be a learner unto virtue, and a notable promoter thereof; directing and exciting men thereto, by his exemplary conversation; encouraging them by his countenance and authority; rewarding the goodness of meaner people, by his bounty and favor; he should be such a gentleman as Noah, who preached righteousness, by his words and by his works, before a profane world.

EVIL CONSEQUENCES OF SMOKING.

The wide-spread habit of smoking has not yet had due medical attention paid to it, and its consequences. It is only by two or three years' observation that Dr. Laycock had become fully aware of the great changes induced in the system by the abuse of tobacco,

and of the varied and obscure forms of disease to which especially excessive smoking gave origin. He proceeded to state some of them, as they were met with in the pharyngeal mucous membrane, the stomach, the lungs, the heart, the brain, the nervous system. The tobacco consumed by habitual smokers varied from half an ounce to twelve ounces per week, the usual quantity from two to three ounces. Inveterate cigar smokers will consume from four to five dozen per week.—The first morbid result is an inflammatory condition of the mucous membrane of the lips and tongue, then the tonsils and pharynx suffer, the mucous membrane becoming dry and congested. If the thorax be examined well it will be found slightly swollen, with congested veins meandering over the surface, and here and there a streak of mucous. The action of tobacco smoking on the heart is depressing, and some individuals, who feel it in this organ more than others, complain of an uneasy sensation about the left nipple, a distressed

feeling, not amounting to faintness, but allied to it. The action of the heart is observed to be feeble and irregular. An uneasy feeling is also experienced in or beneath the pectoral muscles, and oftener on the right side than the left. On the brain, the use of tobacco appears to diminish the rapidity of cerebral action, and check the flow of ideas through the mind. It differs from opium and henbane, and rather excites to wakefulness, like green tea, than composes to sleep ; induces a dreaminess which leaves no impression on the memory, leaving a great susceptibility, indicated by a trembling of the hands, and irritability of temper. Such are secondary results of smoking. So are blackness of the teeth and gum-boils. There is also a sallow paleness of the complexion, an irresoluteness of disposition, a want of life and energy, and, in constant smokers who do not drink, a tendency to pulmonary phthisis. Dr. Wright of Birmingham, in a communication to the author, fully corroborates his opinions ; and both agree that smok-

ing produces gastric disorders, coughs and inflammatory affections of the larynx, and pharynx, diseases of the heart and lowness of spirits, and, in short, is very injurious to the respiratory, circulating, alimentary and nervous systems.

YOUTH AND MARRIAGE.

On this subject Dr. Palfrey has the following just remarks ;—“ Youth is easily attracted and soon decided. It forgets that the fanciful preference of a moment may not safely determine the prospects of a life. It is unmindful that looking to this world merely, occasions will come, for which the graces of the ball-room are no sort of preparation. It rashly takes the eyes that can sparkle in their morning brilliancy, for those that will weep meekly in sorrow, and kindle with a steady encouragement in the midst of care, and hold a light which can cheer, when all other light on

the earth has waxed dim. It is so wild as to mistake the flatterer of the hour, for the same being who will be the ministering angel of sickness and decline. It needs to be reminded, if there is any engagement in life that is not to be formed under the arbitration of caprice, it is that which is not dissolved till the parting shall come at the leaden bier and in the open grave. It must be conjured to remember, if there is any step in life which requires beyond others to be made reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, prayerfully, and in the fear of God, it is that step which day by day is the most inconsiderately taken."

THE YOUNG MAN'S CURSE.

I saw him first at the social party. He took but one glass of wine, and that at the request of a fair young lady with whom he conversed. I saw him next when he supposed he was unseen, take a glass to satisfy

the slight desire formed by his sordid indulgence. He thought there was no danger. I saw him again with those of his own age, meeting at night to spend a short time in convivial pleasure. They considered it only an innocent amusement. I met him next, late in the evening, in the street, unable to reach home; I assisted him thither; he looked ashamed when we next met. I entreated him to forsake his evil companions, and the intoxicating cup; he seemed affected, and promised amendment. It was like the feeble struggle of the drowning man. I next saw him reeling in the street; a confused stare was on his countenance, and words of blasphemy were on his tongue. Shame was gone.

NECESSITY OF SELF-ACQUAINTANCE.

It is natural that we should wish to become early and familiarly acquainted with those who have most to do with our happi-

ness, and with whom it is most necessary for us to associate. And this desire is no more natural than the acquaintance is important. So far, also, as it may be our duty to benefit and improve such persons, this acquaintance becomes of moment to them as well as to us.

No one will doubt this. But it is too seldom perceived that, for the same reason, an acquaintance with OURSELVES is not only desirable in the highest degree, but of the first and most pressing importance. Who, except our Maker can have so much to do with our happiness as ourselves?—and with whom are we so absolutely obliged to associate? What can be more indispensable than our own improvement?—and how can we improve ourselves except in proportion as we know what we are? We can neither get rid of ourselves, nor escape the responsibility that rests upon us to make the best use of all our powers.

No one doubts that we should understand an INSTRUMENT, which it is needful to use

in mechanical or other practical concerns :— and, of course, the more important the purpose for which it is used, the greater the necessity for being well acquainted with it. Especially, if it should be necessary (as for instance, in the case of Herschel's telescope) to enlarge and improve the instrument—besides knowing the precautions required to prevent its getting out of order, how to repair it, when from any cause it should be impaired, and how to adapt it to the thousand varying circumstances that might accompany its use—nothing is more plain, than that we should understand thoroughly the principles of its construction.

Now, when it is borne in mind that we must OURSELVES be the grand Instruments for accomplishing the purposes of our creation ; that we have a constitution, not only complicated and ingenious in its structure to the highest degree of which we have any conception, but “ fearfully and wonderfully made ; ” that, formed as we are in the image of our Maker himself, it is almost sa-

crilege to compare ourselves with any mere human instrument, that to fulfil our destiny, improved discipline will be required at every step of our progress; that, in consequence of sin, (the saddest of all calamities) disorder already reigns in our constitution, and unless arrested by a wise use of the means of reparation mercifully provided by our Maker, it will bring upon us more disastrous consequences than could befall us by the derangement of the whole physical universe; and that the circumstances to which we shall be called to adapt ourselves during an eternal career, may be no less infinite in variety than our existence will be in duration; the duty of self-acquaintance urges itself upon us with irresistible force. How dare we undertake the office of self-management and self-direction, without it? How can we be our own masters, if we do not understand the being we are to govern? Self-ignorance and enlightened self-government are as incompatible with each other as light and darkness. We *must* know the

powers we call into exercise, before we can use ourselves with wisdom and efficiency. In no other way can we attain skill to operate to the best advantage, with the least amount of labor, as well as with the least wear and tear and waste of material.

Nor does the possession of superior natural abilities lessen the necessity of this knowledge. On the other hand it makes it the more imperative. The more perfect our bodily constitution, the more we may dare to trifle with it, if we do not understand its laws; because sentence against physical violation may not be executed speedily. And the mere fact that our minds are of superior cast—admitting that to be the case is not enough. Keen-edged tools may not be handled by every one with impunity: they are great enemies to strangers. The steam engine needs to be the better understood in proportion to its power. So, the sharper our wits, the more danger of crippling our energies, if they are not sufficiently understood to be called into proper

exercise. And the more powerful our faculties combined, the more disastrous will be the consequence of self-ignorance : we shall be so much the more likely to prove a curse to ourselves and to the world. Especially if the mind be of a fine, delicate structure, a want of knowledge respecting it may be—as with a nice piece of mechanism—the remote cause of its entire derangement.

“No good of worth sublime will heaven permit
To light on man as from the passing air ;
The lamp of genius, though by nature lit,
If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,
Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare.”

The first object upon which genius and talent should be brought to bear, is the investigation of the wonderful being in connection with which they have their birth, and on the management of which their ultimate glory or shame must depend.

And how noble does this application of our abilities appear, when we consider the splendid purpose for which we were made ; a purpose of such transcendant magnitude,

that it can be justly comprehended, only as we progress in its accomplishment. It is like a mountain which we might ascend forever, while new and more sublime elevations revealed themselves at every advance, but whose summit could never be reached. What object for which any mere material instrument was ever employed, can with the least propriety be compared to such a purpose? and consequently, what instrument—what in the universe—is so indispensable for us to understand, as our capacities for achieving it? Although it can only be dimly seen in the present life, still enough can be known to afford the strongest motives for pressing towards it with all our energies. All who understand and believe the Christian Revelation, must be able to perceive as much as this, namely: that we were created to be citizens, not only of this transient world, but of the eternal kingdom of God, possessing all the interest in the sublime affairs of that kingdom which citizenship implies; to expand and improve ourselves,

under increasing advantages, without any know limitation, being invested with responsibilities corresponding with the different stages of our growth; and by living in harmony with the laws of our Maker, to enjoy him and all the glories of his dominions forever. Is all this comprehended in the purpose of our creation?—nay, is this only the faintest outline of a purpose so vast and so sublime, that its glories can be fully conceived only by the infinite growth of our capacity of conception? If this is not denied, how can we expect ever to work out this purpose, without understanding the being—the noble Instrument—with which it is to be done.

It was necessary that we should have a glimpse of our natural destiny, in order to be fully aware of that grand fact of self-knowledge, our susceptibility of infinite improvement. And we no sooner become acquainted with this susceptibility, than we find the key with which we may unlock the universe. We find our faculties to be the

index to all that it is possible for us to attain to. Our proper destiny must harmonize with our nature ; and consequently the study of our nature is the first step to a clear and expansive comprehension of that destiny. So that self-knowledge is necessary, not only to self-use in general, but to enable us to see distinctly the grand object for which we are to be used—and thus make it possible, by employing the means which Providence has provided, to effect that object.

Then, again, the innumerable DUTIES we must perform in the accomplishment of our destiny ; we cannot justly comprehend them except as they are directly revealed — and even then we cannot see their reasonableness—only so far as we know ourselves. Our responsibilities must be based upon our nature ; and of course we must know the capabilities of that nature, before we can fully understand our obligations. Therefore self-knowledge and self-use must go together, if we would enter upon the sublime

inheritance which is our birthright; and consequently the motive for self-acquaintance is powerful beyond conception. Without it—all other things being equal—every thing in the universe will prove a curse to us, instead of a blessing.

HOW TO MAKE A MAN.

I would have no youth feel that he is debarred the opportunities of a useful and honorable, if he please, a lofty and heroic career because the means of obtaining a classical education are denied him. I will not point him to the many who have inscribed their names high on the rolls of enviable fame without such education, for the logic therein implied might as well be used to reconcile him to the loss of an eye or an arm. I will not argue to him that circumstances are indifferent or unimportant: I have freely admitted the contrary. But I would urge to such a one, that the *essential*

circumstance is the awakening of the soul to a consciousness of its own powers and responsibilities ; and that this is determined in the very fact of his seeking, with eye single and heart pure, a larger development, a more thorough culture. This point attained, let him doubt nothing, fear nothing, save his own steadiness of purpose and loftiness of aim. Be not discouraged, then, awakened youth, in some lowly cottage, some boorish valley, by the magnitude of others' attainments, the richness of others' facilities for acquiring and investigating, as contrasted with the seeming poverty of your own ; but remember, and be reverently thankful, that the same high stars which, shining so brightly upon the palace, the university, the senate-house, have kindled the souls of philosophers, sages, statesmen, in times past, now look down as kindly, inspiringly on you ; and the fact that they have touched an answering chord within you, is an earnest that their companionship shall never more be sullen or fruitless.

